

CERTAIN  
ELEGANT  
POEMS,

WRITTEN  
By Dr. CORBET,  
BISHOP  
OF  
NORWICH.

---

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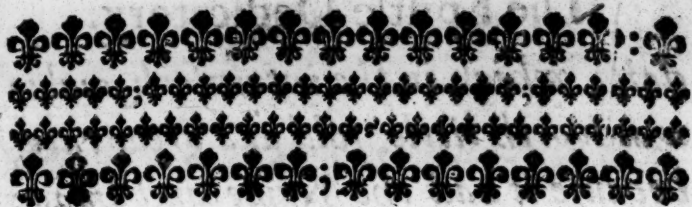
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TO THE  
*RIGHT HONORABLE*  
THE  
*Lady Teynbam :*

Her humble Servant N.N. wisheth  
eternall Beauty, both in this  
world, and the world to come.

Madam,

**I** Have read that a poor and  
mean Lamp of a great Phi-  
losopher, hath been sold at a  
great price ; And I have seen a Me-  
dail ;

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*dail, which in the intrinseck value was worth little, sold at a great rate, because it had the Name and Image of some great Person stamp't upon it. It therefore that I may gain an extrinseque value to this Book, have presumed to dedicate it unto you, Madam, in hope that your Noblenesse and gentlenesse is as great as your Beauty, which delighteth and causeth admiration in the eyes of all, but those of the envious: And that you will in the permission of your Name to be set before this Book, imitate the custome of Kings, who set their Names on coines of Copper, as well as on those of Gold; and as the King that coines, sets what value hee pleaseth on his*  
Money

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Money; so when your name is set to  
this Work, I will give it what price  
I please, and every wise person will  
buy it.

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The People's Dictionary

Every body knows that the  
people are the best judges  
of their own interests. I will give it to the people  
I place it in every man's power to  
have it.

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P O E M S.

*Her Boreale.*

**H**oure Clerks of Oxford, Doctors two, and two,  
That would be Doctors, having lesse to doe  
With Austin, then with Galen, in Vacation  
Chang'd studies, and turn'd bookes to recreation  
And on the tenth of August Northward bent,  
A journey not so soone conceiv'd as spent.  
The first halfe day they rode, they light upon  
A Noble Clergy lion, *Kerr Middleron*;  
Who nuirbring our good dishes with good tales,  
The major part o'th cheere weigh'd downe the scales;  
And though the count'nance make the feast, say bookes;  
Vee nere found better welcome with worse lookes:  
Here we payd thanks, and parted, and at night  
Had entertainment all in one mans right,  
At *Flowre*, a Village, where our Tenant thee  
harpe as a winter morning, fierce, y e free,  
With a leane visage like a Carved face  
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;

She pleas'd us well, but yet her husband better,  
 A hearty fellow and a good bone-setter;  
 Now whither it were providence or lucke,  
 Whether the keepers or the stealers bucke,  
 There we had ven'ton such as *Virgill* slew,  
 When he would feast *Aeneas* and his crew;  
 Here we consum'd a day, and the next morne,  
 To *Daintry* with a Land-winde wee were borne,  
 It was the Market, and the Lecture day,  
 For Lecturers sell Sermons, as the Lay  
 Doe sheepe and Oxen, have their seasons just,  
 For both their Markets, there wee dranke downe dust.  
 I'th' interim comes a most officious drudge,  
 His face and gowne draw'd out with the same budge,  
 His pendant pouch which was both large and wide,  
 Look'd like a Letters-patents by his side:  
 He was as awfull as he had beene sent  
 From *Moses* with the eleventh Commandement;  
 And one of us he sought, a man of *Flower*  
 He must bid stand, and challenge for an hower:  
 The Doctors both were quitted of their feare,  
 The one was hoarse, the other was not there,  
 Therefore him of the two he seised best,  
 Able to answer him of all the rest,  
 Because he needs but ruminare that ore,  
 Which he had chew'd the Sabbath day before;  
 For though we were resolv'd to doe him right,  
 For Master *Bayleys* sake, and Master *Wright*,  
 Yet he dissembl'd that the Mace did erre,  
 For he nor *Deacon* was, nor Minister;  
 No quoth the Serjeant, sure then by relation,  
 You have a licence Sir, or Toleration;

And if you have no orders 'tis the better,  
 So you have *Dods* precepts, or *Cleavers* letter;  
 Thus looking on his Mace and urging still,  
 'Twas Master *Wrights*, and Master *Bayleys* will,  
 That he should mount, at last he condescended  
 To stoppe the gap, and so the Treary ended;  
 The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to dine,  
 Wee all had Preachers wages, thankses, and wipe.  
 Our next dayes stage was *Littleworth* a Towne  
 Not willing to be noted, or set downe,  
 By any Traveller, for when we had beene  
 Through at both ends, wee could not find an Inne,  
 Yet for the Church sake turne and light wee must,  
 Hoping to finde one dramme of *Wicklefs* dust,  
 But wee found none, for underneath the Pole,  
 No more rests of his body, then his Soule;  
 Abused Marryr, how hast thou beene torne,  
 By two wilde factions! first the *Papists* burne  
 Thy bones for hate, the *Puritanes* in zeale  
 Doe sell thy Marble, and thy Brasse they steale.  
 A Parson mer us there who had great store  
 Of Livings, some say, but of Manners more;  
 In whose streight cheerefull age a man might see  
 Well govern'd fortune, bounry, wise and free;  
 He was our guide to *Lester*, save one mile,  
 There was his dwelling where wee stay'd a while  
 And dranke stale Beere, I thinke was never new,  
 Which the dunne wench that brought it us did brew;  
 And now wee are at *Lester*, where wee shall  
 Leape o're sixe steeples and an Hospirall  
 Twice told, those Lande-markes I referre  
 To *Camdens* eye, *Englands Chronographer*;

Let me observe the *Almel-mens* Herauldry,  
 Who being ask'd what *Henry* that should bee  
 That was their founder Duke of *Lancaster*,  
 Answer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gaunt*, I assure you Sir;  
 And so confuted all their walls that said,  
*Henry* of *Richmond* this foundation laid,  
 The next thing to be noted was our *Cheere*,  
 Enlarg'd with seaven and six pence, bread and beere.  
 But O you wretched *Tapsters* as you are,  
 Who reckon by your number, not your fare;  
 And set false figures for all Companies,  
 Abusing innocent Meales, with oathes and lyes,  
 Forbeare your Counsaige to Divines that come,  
 Lest they bee thought to drinke all that you summe.  
 Spare not the laity in your reckoning thus,  
 But sure your theft to us is scandalous.  
 Away my Muse from this base Subject, know  
 Thy *Pegasus* nere stricke his foote so low:  
 Is not th' usurping *Richard* buried here,  
 That King of hate, and therefore slave of feare;  
 Drag'd from the fatall field *Bosworth*, where hee  
 Lost life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?  
 Search, finde his name, but there is none; O Kings  
 Remember whence your Powre, and vastnesse springs:  
 If not as *Richard* now, so may you bee,  
 Who hath no Tombe, but Scorne and Memorie.  
 And though from his owne store *Wolsey* might have  
 A Palace, or a Colledge for his grave;  
 Yet here he lyes interr'd, as if that all  
 Of him to be remembered were his fall:  
 Nothing but earth to earth, nor pompons weight  
 Upon him but a pebble, or a quaye.

If thou art thus neglected, what shall wee  
 Hope after death that are but shreds of thee?  
 Hold! *William* calls to horse, *William* is he,  
 Who though he never saw three-score and three,  
 Ore-reckon'd us in age, as he before  
 In drink, and will bate nothing of fourescore;  
 And he commands, as if the warrant came,  
 From the great Earle himselfe, to *Notingham*:  
 There wee crosse *Trent*, and on the other side  
 Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as up hill wee ride.  
 Where wee observ'd the cunning men like Moles  
 Dwelt not in houses, but were earth'd in holes.  
 So did they not build upwards, but digge thorough,  
 As *Hermits* Caves, or *Coneys* doe their Borough.  
 Great underminers sure as any where,  
 'Tis thought the powder Traytors practis'd there.  
 Would you not thinke that men stood on their heads,  
 When Gardens cover houses there, like leads,  
 And on the Chimnies toppes, the maide may know,  
 Whether her pottage boyle, or not, below;  
 There cast in herbes, or Salt, or bread, her meate,  
 Contented rather with the smoake, then heate.  
 This was the rockie Parish, higher stood  
 Churches and houses, buildings, stone and wood,  
 Crosses not yet demolish'd, and our Lady,  
 With her armes on, embracing her whole Baby:  
 Where let us note, though these be Northerne parts,  
 The Crosse findes in them more then Southerne harts.  
 The Castle's next; but what shall wee report,  
 Of that which now is ruine, was a fort?  
 The Gates, two Statues keepe, which Gyants are,  
 To whom, it seemes, committed is the care.

Of the whole downefall, if it be your fault,  
 If you are guilty, may King *Dauids* vault  
 Or *Mortimers* darke Cell containe you both,  
 A iust reward for so prophane a sloath;  
 And if hereafter tydings shall be brought  
 Of any place, or office to be bought,  
 And your left lead, or unwedg'd timber yet  
 Shall passe by your consent to purchase it,  
 May your deformed Bulkes endure the edge  
 Of axes, feele the beetle and the wedge,  
 May all the ballads be call'd in and dye,  
 That sing the wars, of *Colebrand*, and *Sir Guy*;  
 O yee that do *Guild Hall* and *Holmby* keepe  
 So carefully when both the Founders sleepe,  
 You are good Gyants, and partake no shame,  
 With these two worthlesse trunks of *Noringham*:  
 Look to your sev'ral charges, we must go,  
 Though griev'd at heart to leave a Castle so.  
 The Bull-head is the word, and we must eate,  
 No sorrow can descend so low as meate:  
 So to the *Inne* we came, where our best cheere,  
 Was that his Grace of *Torke* had lodged there.  
 He was objected to us when we call,  
 Or dislike ought, my Lords Grace answers all;  
 He was contented with this bed, this dyer,  
 This keeps our discontented stomacks quier.  
 The *Inne* keeper was old, fourescore almost,  
 Indeed an Embleme, rather then an Host;  
 In whom wee read how God and Time decree,  
 To honour thrifty Hostlers, such as he;  
 For in the stable first he did begin,  
 New see he is sole Lord of the whole *Inne*.

Marke the increase of straw, and hay, and how  
 By thrift a bottle may become a Mow,  
 Marke him all yee that have the golden Itch,  
 All whom God hath condemned to be rich ;  
 Farewell glad father of thy daughter Mayresse,  
 Thou Hostler *Phoenix*, thy example rare is.

Wee are for *Newmarke* after this sad talke,  
 And thither 'tis no journey but a walke,  
 Nature is wanton there, and the high way  
 Seem'd to bee private though it open lay ;  
 As if some swelling Lawyer for his health,  
 Or frantique Usurer to tame his wealth,  
 Had chosen out two miles by *Trent*, to try  
 Two great effects of Art and Industry:  
 The ground wee tread is meadow fertile land,  
 New trimm'd, and leveld by the Mowers hand,  
 Above it grew a rocke, rude, steepe and high,  
 Which claimes a kind of Rev'rence from the Eye :  
 Betwixt them both there slides a lively streame,  
 Not loud, but swift: *Meander* was a Theame  
 Crooked and rough, but had those Poets seene  
 Streight-even *Trent*, it had immortall beene ;  
 This side the open plaine admits the Sunne,  
 To halfe the River which did open runne ;  
 The other halfe ranne clouds, where the curld wood  
 With his exalted head threatned the flood:  
 Here I could wish us never passing by,  
 And never past; Now *Newmarke* is too nigh ;  
 And as a *Christmasse* seemes a day but short,  
 Deluding times with revels, and good sport,  
 So did this beaurious mixture us beguile,  
 And the whole twelve being travail'd seem'd one mile.

Now as the way was sweete, so was the End,  
 Our Passage easie, and our prize a Friend;  
 Whom there we did enjoy, and for whose sake  
 As for a kind of purer choyne men make  
 Us lib'ral welcome, with such Harmony  
 As the whole Towne had beene his Family.  
 Mine host of the next Inne did not repine  
 That we perfer'd the Hart and pass'd his signe:  
 And where we lay the host and hostesse same  
 Would shew our loves were aym'd at, not their gaine.  
 The very beggers were so ingenuous,  
 They rather pray for him, then beg of us;  
 And so the Doctors friends be pleas'd to stay,  
 The Puritans will let the Organs play.  
 Would they pull downe the Gallery builded new,  
 With the Churchwardens seate and *Burleigh* pew?  
*Newarke* for light, and beauty might compare  
 With any Church, but what Cathedra's are:  
 To this belongs a Vicar, who succeeded  
 The friend I mention'd, such a one there needed,  
 A man whose life and tongue is eloquent,  
 Able to charme those mutinous heads of *Trent*,  
 And urge the Canon home when they conspire  
 Against the Crosse and Bells with sword and fire:  
 There stood a Castle too, they shew us here  
 The place where the King slept, the window where  
 He talk'd with such a Lord, how long he stayd  
 In his discourse, and all but what he sayd.  
 From whence without a perspective we see  
*Bever* and *Lincolne*, where we faine would bee,  
 But that our purse, and horses too were bound  
 Within the compasse of a narrower ground.

Our purpose is all homeward, and 'twas time  
At parting to have wit, as well as wine.  
Full three a clocke and twenty miles to ride,  
Will aske a speedy horse, and a sure Guide:  
We wanted both, and *Lomborough* may glory,  
Error hath made it famous in our story.  
'Twas night, and the swift horses of the Sunne  
Two houres before our Jades their race had runne;  
Nor pilot, Moone, nor any such kinde starre,  
As guided those Wise men that came from farre,  
To holy *Bethlem*; such lights had they binne  
They would have soone conveyd us to an Inne:  
But all were wandring starres, and we as they  
Were taught no course but to ride on and stray:  
When Oh the fate of darknesse, who hath try'd it,  
Here our whole Fleete it scatter'd, and divided!  
And now we labour more to meete, then erst  
We did to lodge, the last cryes downe the first;  
Our voyces are all spent, and they that follow  
Can now no longer tracke us by the hollow;  
They curse the foremost, we the hindmost, both  
Accusing with like patience, haste, and sloth.  
At last upon a little Towne we fall,  
Where some for drinke, some for a candle call:  
Unhappy we! such straglers as we are,  
Admire a Candle oftner then a Starre;  
We care not for those glorious lights aloofe,  
Give us a tallow Candle, a dry roofe.  
And now we have a guide, wee cease to chase,  
Now we have time to pray the rest be safe,  
Our guide before cries Come, and we the whiles  
Ride blindfold, and take bridges to be styles,

Till

Till at the last we overcome the darke,  
 And spight of night and error hit the marke:  
 Some halfe houre after enters the whole rayle,  
 As if they were committed to the Jayle;  
 The Constable that tooke 'em thus divided,  
 Made 'em seeme apprehended and not guided,  
 Where when wee had our fortunes both detested,  
 Compassion made us friends, and so we rested;  
 T was quickly morning, though by our short stay,  
 Wee could not find that wee had lesse to pay;  
 All Travellers these heavy judgements heare,  
 A handsome hostesse makes a reckoning deare;  
 Her smiles, her words, your purses must requite 'em,  
 And every welcome from her adds an Item.  
 Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,  
 For *Bosworth* wee are hors'd: behold the fate  
 Of mortall men, foule error is a mother,  
 And pregnant once doth soone beget another:  
 Wee who last night did learne to lose our way,  
 Are perfect since, and further out next day,  
 And in a Forest having travaill sore,  
 Like wandring *Bevis* e're he found the Boare,  
 Or as some Love-sicke Lady oft hath done,  
 Before she was rescued by the knight o'th' Sunne,  
 So are we lost, and meet no comfort then  
 But Carts and horses, wiser then the men:  
 Which is the way? They neither speake, nor point,  
 Their tongues and fingers, both are out of joynt,  
 Such monsters by *Cole-Herron* banks there sit,  
 After their Resurrection from the pit.  
 Whiles in this Mill wee labour and turne round,  
 As in a Conjurers circle, *William* found

A meanes for our delivery, Turne your clokes  
 Quoth he, for *Pucke* is busie in these Oakes,  
 If ever ye at *Bosworth* will be found,  
 Then turne your Cloakes, for this is Fairie ground.  
 But e're this witchcraft was perform'd, wee meete  
 A very man, who had not cloven feete,  
 Though *William* still of little faith doth doubt,  
 'Tis *Robin* or some Spirit walkes about,  
 Strike him, quoth he, and it will turne to aire,  
 Crosse your selves thrice, and strike him: Strike that dare  
 Thought I, for sure this massie Forester,  
 In blowes will prove the better Conjuror;  
 But 'twas a gentle keeper, one that knew  
 Humanity and manners where they grew,  
 And rode along with us, till he could say,  
 Loe yonder *Bosworth* stands, and this your way.  
 And now when we had sweat, 'twixt Sunne and Sunne;  
 And eight miles long, to thirty broade had runne,  
 Wee learn'd the just proportion from hence,  
 Of the Diameter, and Circumference.  
 That night made yet amends, our meate, our sheetes,  
 Were farre above the promise of those streetes,  
 Those houses that were til'd with straw and mosse,  
 Promis'd but weake repaire for that dayes losse  
 Of patience, yet this outside lets us know,  
 The worthy'st things make not the greatest show.  
 The shot was easie, and what concernes us more,  
 The way was so, mine host did ride before,  
 Mine host was full of Ale, and History,  
 And on the morrow when he brought us nigh  
 Where the two Roses joyned, you would suppose,  
*Chauceer* nere writ the *Romant* of the Rose,

Hcare

Heare him : see yee yond' woods? there *Richard* lay  
 With his whole Army: looke the other way,  
 And loe where *Richmond* in a bed of grosse,  
 Encamp'd himselfe o're night with all his force.  
 Upon this Hill they mer; why, he could tell  
 The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard* fell ;  
 Besides what of his knowledge he could say,  
 Hee had Authentique norice from the Play;  
 Which I might guesse by's mustring up the Ghosts,  
 And policies not incident to hosts:  
 But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,  
 Where he mistooke a Player for a King,  
 For when he would have said, King *Richard* dy'd,  
 And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burbage* cry'd.  
 How e're his talke, his company pleas'd well,  
 His Mare went truer then his Chronicle;  
 And even for Conscience sake unpurr'd, unbeaten,  
 Brought us fixe miles and turn'd taile to *New-Eaton*;  
 From thence to *Covenrey*, where we scarce dine,  
 Onely our stomachs warm'd with zeale and wine;  
 And thence as if wee were predestin'd forth,  
 Like *Lot* from *Sodome*, flye to *Killingworth*.  
 The keeper of the Castle was from home,  
 So that halfe mile was lost, yet when wee come  
 An host receives us there, wee ne're deny him,  
 My Lord of *Lesters* man, the Parson by him,  
 Who had no other prooffe to restifie,  
 He serv'd the Lord, but age and bawdery.  
 Away for shame; why should three miles divide  
*Warwicke*, and us? they that have horses ride,  
 A short mile from the Towne, an humble shrine,  
 At foote of a high rocke consits in signe

Of Guy and his devotions, who there stands,  
 Ugly and huge, more then a man on's hands,  
 His *Helmet* Steele, his *Gorget* Mayle, his *Shield*  
*Brasse*, made the Chappell fearfull as a field.  
 And let this answer all the Popes complaints:  
 Wee set up Gyants, though wee pull downe Saints.  
 Beyond this in the rode way as wee went,  
 A pillar stands where this *Colossus* leant,  
 Where he would love, and sigh, and for hearts ease  
 Oft times write verses, some say such as these.

Here will I languish in this silly bower,

While my sweete heart triumphs in yonder Tower.

No other hindrance now, but wee may passe,  
 Cleare to our Inne; Oh there an hostesse was,  
 To whom the Castle and the dunne Cowe are  
 Sights after dinner, shee is morning ware,  
 Her whole behaviour borrowed was and mixt,  
 Halfe foole, halfe puppet, and her pace betwixt  
 Measure and Jigge, her courtsey was an honour,  
 Her gaire as if her neighbours had out-gone her;  
 Shee was barr'd up in Whale bones that did leese  
 None of the whales length, for they reach'd her knees;  
 Off with her head, and then shee hath a middle,  
 As her Wast stands, just like the new found fiddle,  
 The favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell yee,  
 Whose neck and throate are deeper then the belly:  
 Have you seene Monkeys chain'd about the loynes,  
 Or pottle pots, with rings? just so shee joynes  
 Her selfe together; a dressing shee doth love,  
 In a small print below, and text above.  
 What though her name be *King*, yet 'tis no treason,  
 Nor breach of Statute to enquire the reason

Of

Of her branch'd ruffe, a Cubit every poake  
 I seeme to wende her, but she stricke the stroake  
 At our departure, and our worships there  
 Payd for our titles deare, as any where.  
 Though Beadles and Professors both have done,  
 Yet every Inne claimes augmentation:  
 Please you walke out and see the Castle, come,  
 The owner saith, it is a Schol'ers home,  
 A place of strength, and health, in the same Fort  
 You would conceive a Castle and a Court,  
 The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers and the Ay e  
 May with the Trenches, Rampires, Wals compare;  
 It seemes no art, no force can intercept it,  
 As if a Lover built, a Souldier kept it;  
 Vp to the Tower, though it bee steepe and high,  
 Wee doe not cline, but walk; and though the eye  
 Seeme to be weary, yet our feet are still  
 In the same posture, coun'd up the Hill,  
 And thus the workemans art deceives our sence,  
 Making those rounds of pleasure and defence.  
 As wee descend the Lord of all th is frame,  
 The Honourable Chancellour to us came,  
 Above the hill there blew a gentle breath,  
 But now wee feele a sweeter gale beneath,  
 The phrase and welcome of this Knight did make  
 The place more elegant: each word he spake  
 Was wine and musicke, which he did expose  
 To us if all our art could censure those:  
 With him there was a Prelate, by his place  
 Arch deacon to the Bishop, by his face  
 A greater man, for that did counterfeit  
 Lord Abbot of some Covent standing yet,

A corpulent relique, marry and'tis finne,  
 Some Paritane gets not that face call'd in;  
 Amongst leane brethren it may scandall bring,  
 That looke for parity in ev'ry thing;  
 For us let him enjoy all that God sends,  
 Plenty of flesh, of livings and offriends,

Imagine us here ambling downe the streete,  
 Circling in *Flower*, and making both ends meete,  
 Where wee fare well foure dayes, and did complaine:  
 Like harvest folkes of weather and of raine,  
 And on the feast of *Bartholmew* we try,  
 What Revels that Saint keepe at *Banbury*;

I'th' name of God Amen! first to beginne,  
 The Altar was converted to an Inne,  
 Wee lodged in the Chappell by the signe,  
 But in a banck'rupt Taverne by the wine,  
 Besides our horses usage makes us thinke,  
 'Twas still a Church, for they in Coffins drinke,  
 As if 'twere congruous that the ancient'st lye  
 Close by those Altars in whose faith they dye;  
 Now you believe the Church hath great varietie  
 Of Monuments when Innes have such socerie,  
 But nothing lesse, ther's no inscription there,  
 But the Church-wardens of the last yeare,  
 In stead of Saints in windowes, and in wals,  
 Here buckets hang, and there a Cobweb fals:  
 Would you not thinke they love antiquity,  
 Who rush their quire for perpetuity,  
 Whilst all the other pavements and the floore  
 Are supplicant to the surveyors power  
 Of the high wayes, that he would gravell'd keepe  
 Them, or in winter sure they will bee deepe;

If not for Gods sake, for Master *Wheatley*'s sake,  
*Levell* the Walkes; suppose these pit-fals make  
 Him spraine a Lecture, or misplace a joynt  
 In his long prayer, or in his seventeenth point,  
 Thinke you the Dawes and Sares can set him right?  
 Surely this sinne upon your heads will light;  
 And say, Beloved, what unchristian charme  
 Is this, you have not left a leg or arme  
 Of an Apostle? Thinke you if those were whole,  
 They would arise at last r'assume a soule?  
 If not, 'tis plaine all the Idolatry  
 Lyes in your folly, not the imag'ry.

'Tis well, the pinnacles are false in twaine,  
 For now the devill should he tempt againe,  
 Hath no advantage of a place so high:  
 Fooles! he can dash you from your Gallery,  
 Where all your medley meetes, and doe compare  
 Not what you learne, but who was longest there;  
 The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptist*, *Brownist*,  
 Like a grand Sallad, *Tinkers*, what a Towne is't?  
 The Crosses also like old stumps of Trees,  
 Or stooles for horsemen that have feeble knees,  
 Carry no heads above Ground: those which tell,  
 That Christ hath nere descended into Hell,  
 But to the Grave, his picture buried have  
 In a farre deeper dungeon then a Grave,  
 That is descended to endure what paines  
 The Devill can thinke, or such disciples braines.

No more my grieve, in such prophane abuses  
 Good whips make better verses then the Muses;  
 Away, and looke not backe, away, while yet  
 The Church is standing, while the benefit

Of seeing it remaines so long you shall  
 Have that rackt downe and call'd Apocryphall,  
 And in some Barne heare cited many an Author,  
*Kate Stubs, Anne Ascue,* or the Ladies daughter,  
 Which shall be urg'd for Fathers: stop disdain,  
 When *Oxford* once appeares *Saran* refraine.  
 Neighbours, how hath our anger thus out-gone us,  
 Is not *Saint Giles* this, and that *Saint Johns*?  
 We are return'd, but just with so much ore  
 As *Rauleigh* from his voyage, and no more.

---

## R. C.

When too much zeale doth fire devotion,  
 Love is not love, but superstition:  
 Even so in civill duties when we come  
 Too oft, we are not kind, but troublesome;  
 Yet as the first is not Idolatry,  
 So is the last, but griev'd industry;  
 And such was mine whose strife to honour you  
 By overplus, hath robd you of your due.

---

## On Bishop Ravis.

When I passe *Pauls*, and travaile in the walke,  
 Where all our Brittain sinners sweare and talke,

Old hairy Ruffins, Bankrupts, Southsayers,  
And youth whose consenage is as old as theirs;  
And there beheld the body of my Lord,  
Trod under foot by vice which he abhord.  
It wounded me the Landlord of all times  
Should let long lives and leases to their crimes;  
But to his saving honours scarce afford  
But so much Sunne as to the Prophets Gourd;  
Yet since swift flights and envy hath best end,  
Like breath of Angels with a blessing send,  
And vaniseth withall, while fouler deeds  
Expect a tedious harvest of bad seeds;  
I blame not fame and nature if they gave  
Where they could adde no more, the last a grave;  
And justly doe thy grieved friends forbear  
Babble and Alabaster boyes to reare  
Ore thy religious dust, but bid men know  
Thy life, which such illusions cannot show;  
For thou hast dyed amongst those happy ones,  
Who trust not in their superstitions,  
Their hired Epitaphs, and perjur'd Stone,  
Which oft belies the soule when she is gone,  
But durst commit thy body as it lies,  
To tongues of living men, not unborne eyes;  
What profits thee a sheet of lead, what good?  
If on thy course a marble Quarry stood?  
Let those that feare their rising purchase vaults,  
And send their statues to excuse their faults,  
As if like birds that picke at painted grapes,  
Their Judge knew not their persons from their shapes,  
Whilst thou assured by thy casie dust  
Shalt spring at first, they would not, yet they must:

Nor need the Chancellor boast, whose *Pyramis*  
 Above the Host and altar rears his;  
 For though thy body fill a narrow roome,  
 Thou shalt not change deeds with him for his Tombe.

*R. Corbet.*

---

*On Doctor Corbets Father.*

**V**incent Corbet farther known  
 By *Pointers* name then by his owne,  
 Here lies engaged till the day  
 Of raising bones and quickning clay:  
 No wonder reader that he hath  
 Two Sir-names in one Epitaph,  
 For this one doth comprehend  
 All that both families could lend;  
 And if to know more art then any  
 Could multiply one into many,  
 Here a Colony lies then  
 Both of qualities and men.  
 Yeares he liv'd were neere fourscore,  
 But count his vertues, he liv'd more;  
 And number him by doing good,  
 He liv'd the age before the flood.  
 Should we underrake his story,  
 Truth would seeme fain'd, and fainednesse glory:  
 Besides the Tablet were too small,  
 Adding the pillars and the wall;

Cs

Yer

Yet of this volume much, if found,  
 Writ in many a fertill ground,  
 Where the Printer thee affords  
 Earth for Paper, Trees for Words.  
 He was natures Factor here,  
 And leiger, large for every shiere;  
 To supply the ingenious wants  
 Of some Spring fruits, and forraine plants.  
 Simple he was, and withall,  
 His purse not base, nor prodigall,  
 Poorer in substance, then in friends,  
 Future and publique were his ends.  
 His conscience like his diet, such  
 As neither rooke nor left too much;  
 So the made lawes needlesse growne  
 To him, he needed but his owne.  
 Did he his neighbour bid like those  
 That feast them onely to enclose,  
 Or with their Roastmeat rack their rents,  
 And cousten them with their fed consents?  
 No the free meeting of his board  
 Did but one liberall sense afford;  
 No Close or Aker understood,  
 But onely love and neighbourhood;  
 His Almes were such as *Paul* defines,  
 Nor causes to be said, but signes;  
 Which Almes by faith, hope, love, laid downe;  
 Layd up what now he wears, a Crowne.  
 Besides his fame, his goods, his life,  
 He left a griev'd sonne and wife;  
 Strange sorrow scarce to be believ'd,  
 When as a sonne and heire is griev'd.

R. Corbet.

*On the death of Master Rice Manciple of  
Christ-Church.*

**W**Ho can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternall place  
Thy soule is fled, that did but know thy face?  
Whose body was so light it might have gone  
To heaven without a resurrection;  
Indeed thou wert all Type, thy limbes were signes,  
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines;  
As if two soules had made the compound good,  
Which both should live by faith, and none by blood.

R. C.

---

*To his sonne Vincent Corbet.*

**W**hat I shall leave thee none can tell,  
But all shall say I wish thee well;  
I wish thee (*Vin*) before all wealth,  
Both bodily and ghostly health;  
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,  
So much of either may undo thee.  
I wish thee learning, not for show,  
Enough for to instruct, and know;  
Not such as Gentlemen require  
To prate at Table, or at Fire.

I wish thee all thy mothers graces,  
 Thy fathers fortunes, and his places.  
 I wish thee friends, and one at Court  
 Not to build on, but support;  
 To keepe thee, not in doing many  
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
 I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,  
 Nor Lazy nor contentious dayes;  
 And when thy soule and body part,  
 As innocent as now thou art.

R. C.

*An Elegy on the late Lord William Howard,  
 Baron of Effingham, dead the  
 10. of December, 1615.*

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I strive  
 To winne access, or grace, with Lords alive:  
 The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can  
 Move me, nor favour; nor a greater man  
 To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,  
 From whom no Penance warns, nor portion spent,  
 To these I dedicate as much of me  
 As I can spare from my owne husbandry:  
 And till Ghosts walke, as they were wont to doe,  
 I trade for some, and doe these errants too.  
 But first I doe enquire, and am assur'd,  
 What tryals in their Journey they endur'd,

What

What certainties of Honour and of worth,  
 Their most uncertaine Life-times have brought forth;  
 And who so did least hurt of this small store,  
 He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore,  
 First I will know of Fame (after his peace,  
 When Flattery and Envy both doe cease)  
 Who rul'd his actions: Reason, or my Lord?  
 Did the whole man relie upon a word,  
 A badge of Title, or above all chance  
 Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?  
 What did he? Acts of mercy, and refraine  
 Oppression in himselfe, and in his Traine?  
 Was his essentiall table full as free  
 As boasts and invitations use to be?  
 Where if his Ruffet-friend did chance to dine,  
 Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine?  
 Did he thinke perjury as lov'd a sinne,  
 Himselfe forsworne, as if his slave had beene?  
 Did he seeke regular pleasures? was he knowne  
 Just Husband of one Wife, and she his owne?  
 Did he give freely without pause, or doubt,  
 And read petitions, ere they were worne out?  
 Or should his well-deserving *Client* aske,  
 Would he bestow a Tilting, or a Maske  
 To keepe need veruons? And that done nor feare  
 What Lady damn'd him for his absence there?  
 Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?  
 Wore he the ruine of no Hospitall?  
 And when he did his rich apparell don,  
 Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?  
 Did he love simple vertue for the thing?  
 The King for no respect but for the King?

But above all, did his Religion wait  
 Upon Gods Throne, or on the Chaire of state?  
 He that is guiltie of no *Quere* here,  
 Our-lasts his Epitaph, our-lives his Heire.  
 But there is none such, none so little bad,  
 Who but this negative goodnesse ever had?  
 Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,  
 He's rather in the wombe than on the earth.  
 And 'twere a Crime in such a publike fate,  
 For one to live well and degenerate:  
 And therefore I am angry, when a name  
 Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.  
 Nor was it modest in thee to depart  
 To thy eternall home, where now thou art,  
 Ere thy reproach was ready: or to dye,  
 Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.  
 Eight dayes have past since thou hast paid thy debt  
 To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet,  
 Courtiers that scosse by Patent, silent sit,  
 And have no use of Slander or of wit;  
 But (which is monstrous) though against the tide,  
 The Water-men have neither rayld nor lide.  
 Of good and bad there's no distinction knowne,  
 For in thy praise the good and bad are one.  
 It seemes we all are covetous of Fame,  
 And hearing what a purchase of good name  
 Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to increase  
 Our title by the holding of some lease  
 From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' whole crew  
 Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:  
 It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,  
 Death hath disordered all, misplacing thee,

While

Whilst now thy Herauld in his line of heires  
 Blots out thy name, and fills the space with teares.  
 And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,  
 Made thee preposstrous ancient to thy Father,  
 Who grieves th'art so, and like a glorious light  
 Shines ore thy Hearse.

He therefore that would write  
 And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,  
*Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.*  
 Let others write for glory or reward,  
 Truth is well paid, when the is sung and heard.

R. Corbet.

*An Epitaph on Doctor Donne, Deane  
 of Pauls.*

**H**E that would write an Epiraph for thee  
 And doe it well, must first begin to be  
 Such as thou wert; for none can truly know  
 Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.  
 He must have wit to spare, and to hurle downe  
 Enough to keepe the Gallants of the Towne,  
 He must have learning plenty, both the Laws,  
 Civill and Common, to judge any cause;  
 Divinitie great store, above the rest,  
 Not of the last Edition, but the best.  
 He must have language travaile, all the Arts,  
 Judgement to use, or else hee wants thy parts;

He

He must have friends the highest, able to doe,  
Such as *Mecenas* and *Augustus* too.

He must have such a sicknesse, such a death,  
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath.

Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee

He must be dead first ; let't alone for me.

R. Corbet.

*Upon Mistris Mallet.*

**H**Ave I renounc'd my faith? or basely sold  
Salvation, or my loyalty for gold?

Have I some forcin practise undertooke

By poyson, shot, sharpe knife, or sharper looke

To kill my King? have I betray'd the State

To fire or fury, or some newer fate?

Which learn'd murderers, whose grand destinies,

The Jesuits have nurs'd; if of all these

I guilty am, proceed, I am content

That *Mallet* take me for my punishment :

For never sinne was of so high a rate

But one nights hell with thee could expiare:

Although the law with *Garner* and the rest

Deale farre more mildly, hanging's but a jest

To this immortal torture; had she beene

In Martyrs torrid dayes ingendred, when

Cruelty was witty, and invention free

Did live by blood and thrive by cruelty,

Shee would have bene more horrid engine farre  
 Then fire or famine, racke or halters are.  
 Whether her wit, forme, talke, smile, tire I name,  
 Each is a stock of tyranny and shame.  
 But for her breath, spectators, come not nigh,  
 That layes about, God blesse the company.  
 The man in a Beares skin baited to death  
 Would abuse the dog much rather then her breath.  
 One kisse of hers, and eightene words alone  
 Puts downe the Spanish inquisition.  
 Thrice happy we (quoth I) thinking thereon,  
 That see no dayes of persecution,  
 For were it free to kill, this grisly else  
 Would Martyrs make in compasse of her selfe;  
 And were she not prevented by our prayer  
 By this time she corrupted had the ayre.  
 And am I innocent? and is it true  
 That thing which Poet *Pliny* never knew?  
 Nor *Affrick*, *Nile*, nor ever *Hackluis* eyes  
 Descri'd in all his East, West voiajes?  
 That thing which Poets were afraid to fame  
 For feare her shadow should infect their braine,  
 This spouse of *Anrichritt*, and hers alone  
 Shee's drest so like the whore of *Babylon*,  
 Should dore on me? as if there should contrive  
 The devill and shee to damne a man alive.  
 Why doth not *Welcome* rather purchase her,  
 And beare about this rare familiar?  
 Six market dayes, a Wake, and a Faire too't  
 Would beare his charges, and the ale to boote  
 No Tigerlike, she feeds upon a man,  
 Worse then a Tygreffe or a Leopard can,

Let

Let me goe pray and thinke upon some spell,  
At once to bid the Devill and her farewell.

R. Corbet.

*On great Tom of Christ-Church.*

**B**E dumbe ye infant Chimes, thumpe not your mettles,  
Thar nee'r out-ring a Tinker and his Kettle,  
Cease all your petty Larums, for to day  
Is young Toms resurrection from the clay;  
And know when Tom rings out his knells,  
The best of you will be but dinner bells;  
Old Tom's growne young againe, the fiery cave  
Is now his Cradle that was erst his grave;  
He grew up quickly from his mother earth,  
For all you see was but an houres birth,  
Looke on him well, my life I dare ingage  
You nee'r saw prettier Baby of his age.  
Some take his measure by the rule, some by  
The Jacobs Staffe take his profunditie,  
And some his altitude but some doe sweare  
Young Tom's not like the old, but Tom nee'r fetter  
The crick Geometricians line,  
If thou as loud as e're thou did ring'st nine;  
Tom did no sooner peepe from under ground,  
But straight Saint *Maries* Tenor lost his sound;  
O how this Maypoles heart did swell  
With full maine sides of joy, when that crackt bell

Choake

Choakt with annoy, and's admiration,  
 Rung like a quart pot to the Congregation;  
 Tom went his progresse lately and lookt to see  
 What he nee'r saw in many yeares before,  
 But when he saw the old foundation,  
 With like hope of preparation,  
 He burst with griefe, and felt he should not hate  
 Due pompe, he's his owne Bell-man to the grave;  
 And that there might of him be still some mention,  
 He carryed to his grave a new invention,  
 They drew his Browne bread face on pretty gins,  
 And make him stalk upon two Rowling-pins,  
 But *Sander Hill* swore twice or thrice by heaven,  
 He nee'r set such a loose into the Oven,  
 And Tom did *Sander* vex his Cyclops maker  
 As much as he did *Sander Hill* the Baker;  
 Therefore loud thumping Tom be this thy pride,  
 When thou this motto shalt have on thy side.  
 Great world! one *Alexander* conquer'd thee,  
 And two as mighty men scarce conquer'd me.  
 Brave constant spirit, none could make thee turne,  
 Though hang'd, drawne, quarter'd, till they did thee burne;  
 Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,  
 Since thou was martyr'd for the Churches glory,  
 But for thy meritorious suffering  
 Thou shortly shalt to heaven in a string;  
 And though we griev'd to see thee thumpr and bang'd,  
 Wee'l all be glad great Tom to see thee hang'd.

*On John Dawson Butler of Christ Church.  
Doctor Corbet.*

**D**awson the Butler's dead, although I thinke  
Poets were neer' infus'd with single drinke,  
He spend a farthing Muse, a watry verse  
Will serve the turne to cast upon his hearse.  
If any cannot weepe among us here,  
Take off his cup, and so squeeze out a teare.  
Weepe O ye harrells, let your drippings fall  
In trickling streames, make wast more prodigall,  
Then when our heare was good, that John may float,  
To Styx in beare, and lift up Charons boar,  
With wholesome waves and as the Conduits ran  
With Claret, at the Coronation,  
So let your Channels flow with single riffe,  
For John I hope is crown'd; take off your whiffe,  
Ye men of Rosemary, and drinke up all,  
Remembring 'tis a Butlers funerall,  
Had he beene master of good double beare,  
My life for his, John Dawson had beene here.

---

*Doctor Corbet against the Anniversary.*

**E**ven so dead Hector thrice was triumpht on  
The walls of Troy, thrice slaine when fares had done,

So did the barbarous Greekes before their host  
 Torment his ashes, and prophane his Ghost,  
 At *Henries* vault his peace and sacred hearse  
 Are torne and batter'd by thy anniverse;  
 Wast not enough nature and strength were foes,  
 But thou must yearely murder him in prose?  
 Or couldst thou hope thy raving phrase could make  
 A louder eccho then the Almanacke?  
 Trust me, *November* doth more gastly looke  
 In *Dades* and *Hoprens* penny, then thy booke,  
 A sadder record their fixt figure beares,  
 Then thy false printed and ambitious teares;  
 For were it not for Christmas which is nigh,  
 When fruite, spice, eaten, and digested Pyc  
 Call for more paper, no man could make shift  
 How to imploy thy writings to his thrift;  
 Wherefore forbear for pity, or for shame,  
 And bid some richer pen redeeme his name  
 From rottenesse; leave thou him captive, since  
 So vile a Price pee'r ransom'd such a Prince.

---

*A Letter sent from Doctor Corbet to Ma-  
 ster Ailebury, Decem. 9. 1618.*

**M**Y Brother and much more, hadst thou been mine,  
 Hadst thou in one rich present of a line  
 Inclos'd Sir *Francis*, for in all this store,  
 No gift can cost thee lesse, or binde me more,

Hadst

Hadst thou (deare churle) imparted his returne,  
 I should not with a tardy welcome burne;  
 But had let loose my joy at him long since,  
 Which now will seeme but studied negligence ;  
 But I forgive thee, two things kept thee from it,  
 First such a friend to gaze on, next a Comer,  
 Which Comer we discern, though not so true  
 As you at *Sion*, as long tailed as you,  
 We know already how will stand the case,  
 With *Barnavell* of universall grace,  
 Though *Spaine* deserve the whole Star, if the fall  
 Be true of *Lerma Duke*, and Cardinall ;  
 Marry in *France*, we feare no blood, but wine,  
 'sse danger's in her sword, then in her vine :  
 And thus we leave the blazers comming over  
 For our portents are wise and end at *Dover* ;  
 And though we use no forward censuring,  
 Not send our learned Professors to the King,  
 Yet every morning when the starre doth rise,  
 There is no blacke for three houres in our eyes;  
 But like a Puritane dreamer towards this light  
 All eyes turne upward, all are zeale and white :  
 More it is doubtfull that this prodigie  
 Will turne ten Schooles to one Astronomy ;  
 And the Analysis we justly feare,  
 Since every Art doth seeke for rescue there,  
 Physitians, Lawyers, Glovers on the stall,  
 The Shopkeepers speake Mathematicks all,  
 And though men read no Gospels in these signes,  
 Yet all professions are become Divines,  
 All weapons from the Bodkin to the Pike,  
 The Masons Rule, and Tailors Yard alike,

Take

Take altitudes, and th' early fiddling knaves,  
 On Flairs and Hoboyes, made them *Jacobs* staves,  
 Lastly of fingers, glasses we contrive,  
 And every first is made a Prospective;  
*Burton* to *Gunter* Cants, and *Burton* heares  
 From *Gunter*, and th' Exchange both tongue & eares  
 By carriage: thus doth mired *Guy* complaine,  
 His Waggon in their letters beares *Charles* Waine,  
*Charles* Waine, to which they say the tayle will reach  
 And at this distance they both heare, and reach.  
 Now for the peace of God and men, advise  
 (Thou that hast wherewithall to make us wise)  
 Thine owne rich studies, and deepe Harriots mine,  
 In which there is no drosse, but all refine,  
 O tell us what to trust to, lest we wax  
 All stiffe and stupid with his paralex;  
 Say, shall the old Philosophy be true?  
 Or doth he ride above the Moone thinke you?  
 Is he a Meteor forced by the Sun?  
 Or a first body from creation?  
 Hath the same starre beene object of the wonder  
 Of our forefathers? shall the same come under  
 The sentence of our Nephewes? write and send  
 Or else this starre a quarrell doth pretend.

---

*Doctor Corbet to the Lord Mordant.*

MY Lord, I doe confesse at the first newes  
 Of your returne from home, I did refuse

D

To

To visit you, for feare the Northerne winde  
 Had pierc'd into your manners, and your minde,  
 For feare you might want memory to forget  
 Some arts of which might haunt you yet,  
 But when I knew you were, and when I heard  
 You were at *Woodstocke* seene well sun'd and ayr'd,  
 That your contagion in you now was spent,  
 And you were juit Lord *Mordant* as you went,  
 I then resolv'd to come, and did not doubt  
 To be in season, though the Bucke was out,

*Windsor* for the place, the day was Holy-rood,  
 Saint *George* my muse, for be it understood,  
 For all Saint *George* more early in the yeare  
 Broke fast, and ate a bit, yet he din'd here,  
 And though in Aprill in red inke he shine,  
 Know't 'twas September made him red with wine.  
 To this good sport rode I, as being allow'd  
 To see the King, and cry him in the crowd,  
 And at all solemne meetings have the grace  
 To thrust, and to be trod on by my place.

Where when I come I see the Church beset  
 With tumults, as had all the brethre n met  
 To heare some silenc'd teacher in that quarter,  
 Inveigh against the Order of the Garter;  
 And justly might the weake be griev'd and wrung,  
 Because the Garter prayes in a strange tongue,  
 And doth retaine traditions yet of *France*,  
 In an old [*Honi soit qui ma ly pense*].  
 Whence learne (those Knights that order that have rane)  
 That all besides the buckle is prophane;  
 But there was no such doctrine now at stake,  
 No starv'd phyitian from the pulpit spake,

And yet the Church was full, all sorts of men,  
 Religions, sexes, ages were there then,  
 Whilst he that keepes the Quire, together locks  
 Papists and Puritanes, the Pope and Knox.  
 Which made some wise men feare that love our nation;  
 This mixture would beget a toleration;  
 Or that Religion should united be,  
 When they said Service, these the Letany.  
 But no such hast, this dayes devotion lies  
 Not in the hearts of men, but in their eyes;  
 They that doe see Saint George, heare him aright,  
 For he loves not to parley, but to fight.  
 Amongst this audience (my Lord) stood I  
 Well edified as any that stood by;  
 And knew how many leggs a Knight lets fall,  
 Betwixt the King, the offering, and his stall:  
 Aske me but of their robes, I shall relate  
 The colour and the fashion, and the state:  
 I saw too the procession without doore,  
 What the poore Knights and what the Prebends wore;  
 All this my neighbours that were by me tooke,  
 Who div'd but in the garment, and the looke,  
 But I saw more, and though I have their fare  
 In place and favour, yet I want their pate:  
 Me thought I then did these first ages know,  
 Which brought forth Knights so arm'd, and looking so,  
 Who would maintaine their oath and bind their word  
 With these two scales, an Altar and a Sword.  
 Then saw I George new Sainted, when such Priests  
 Wore him not onely on, but in their breasts.  
 Oft did I wish that day, with open vow,  
 O that my Country were in danger now;

And 'twas no treason, who could feare to die  
When he was sure his rescue was so nigh?

And here I might a just digression make,  
Whilst of some particular Knights I spake,  
To whom I owe my thanks, but 'twere not best  
By praying two or three t' accuse the rest,  
Nor can I sing that order or those men,  
That are above the mystrie of my pen;  
And private fingers may not touch those things  
Whose authors Princes are, whose partners Kings:  
Wherefore unburnt I will refraine that fire,  
Lest hearing such a Theame I should aspire  
T'include my King and Prince, and so rehearse  
Names fitter for my Prayer then my Verse;  
He that will speake of Princes let him use  
More grace then wit, know God's above his Muse.

No more of counsell harke the Trumpets sound,  
And the grave Organs with the Antheme drown'd,  
The Church had said Amen to all their rites,  
And now the Trojan horse lets loose her Knights,  
The triumph moves: O what could added be  
Save your successe to that solemnity;  
Which I expect and doubt not but to see't,  
When the Kings favour and your worth shall meet,  
I thinke the robes will now become you so,  
Saint George himselfe would not his owne Knights know,  
From the Lord Mordant: Pardon me that preach  
A doctrine onely that King James can reach;  
To whom I leave you who alone hath right  
To make Knights Lords, and you a Lord a Knight.

Imagine now the Scene lies in the hall,  
(For at high noone we are recusants all)

The Church is emptie as the bellies were,  
 Of the spectators that had languish there;  
 And now the favorites of the Clarke o' the checke,  
 Who oft l... yawnd and stretcht out many a necke  
 Twixt m... and evening, the dull feeders on  
 Fresh patience, and rayfins of the Sun;  
 They who liv'd in the Hall five houres at least,  
 As if 'twere an arraignment, not a feast;  
 And looke so like the hangings they stand neere,  
 None could discerne which the true pictures were;  
 These now shall be refresh't, whiles the bold crum  
 Strikes up his frolick through the Hall they come.  
 Here might I end, my Lord, and here subscribe  
 Your honours to his power: but O what bribe,  
 What feare, or must can make my muse refraine  
 When she is urg'd of nature or disdain?  
 Not all the guard shall hold me, I must write  
 Though they both sweare, and lie, how they would fight  
 If I proceed: nay though their Captaine say,  
 Hold him, or else you shall not eate to day;  
 These goodly yeomen must not scape my pen,  
 'Twas dinner time, and I must speake of men;  
 So to the Hall made I, with little care  
 To praise the dishes, or to tast the fare;  
 Much lesse t'endanger the least Tart, or Pye  
 By any water there stolne, and set by,  
 But to compute the value of the meate,  
 Which was for glory, not for hunger eate;  
 Nor did I feare, stand backe: who passed before,  
 The presence or the privy Chamber doore,  
 But woe is me, the Guard, those men of warre  
 But two weapons use, Beefe, and the Barre

Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth  
 That I had sung *John Dory* in my youth,  
 Or that I knew the day when I could chaunt,  
*Chivie*, and *Arthur*, or the *Siege of Gaunt*;  
 And though these be the vertues which must try  
 Who is most worthy of their courtesie,  
 They profited me nothing, for no notes  
 Will move them now, they're deafe in their new coates;  
 Wherefore on run I, afresh they fall, and show  
 Themselves more active then before, as though  
 They had some wager laid, and did contend  
 Who should abuse me furthest at armes end;  
 One I remember with a grizled beard,  
 And better growne then any of the heard,  
 One were he well examin'd, and made looke  
 His name in his owne parish, and Church Booke,  
 Could hardly prove his Christendome, and yet  
 It seemes he had two names, for there were set  
 On a white Calves doublet which he wore,  
 Two Capitall Letters of a name, before;  
 Letters belike which he had spu'd, and spilt,  
 When the great Bumbard leakt, or was at tilt:  
 This *Iron side* takes hold, and suddenly  
 Hurl's me, by judgement of the standers by  
 Some twelve foot by the square, takes me againe  
 Out throwes it halfe a barre, and thus we twaine  
 At this hot exercise an houre had spent,  
 He the fierce agent, I the instrument,  
 My man began to rage, but I cry'd peace,  
 When he is dry or hungry he will cease,  
 Peace for the Lords sake *Nicholas*, lest they take us  
 And use us worse then *Hercules* did *Cacus*.

And

And now I breath my Lord, now have I time  
 To tell the cause and to confesse the crime ;  
 I was in blacke, a Scholler straight they gues'd,  
 Indeed I colour'd for it at the least,  
 I spake them faire, desir'd to see the hall,  
 And gave them reasons for it, this was all;  
 By which I learne it is a maine offence,  
 So neere the Cleark 'oth Check to utter sense.  
 Talke of your emblem's masters, and relate  
 How *Aesop* hath it, and how *Alciate*,  
 The Cocke, the pearle, the dunghill and the gem,  
 This passeth all that talke of sense to them.  
 Much more good service was committed yet,  
 Which I in such a tumult must forget,  
 But shall I smother that prodigious fit,  
 Which past in cleare invention, and pure wit?  
 As thus: a nimble knave, though somewhat far,  
 Strikes at my head, and fairely steales my har;  
 Another breakes a jest, (well *Windsor*, well,  
 What will ensue there's none can tell.  
 When they spend wit, serve God) yet 'twas not much,  
 Although the Clamour and the applause were such,  
 As when Sir *Archey*, or *Garret* dorth provoke them,  
 And with wide laughter, and a cheate loose choake the m.  
 What was the jest d'ye aske? I dare repeat it,  
 And put it home before you shall entreate it,  
 He call'd me *Bloxford* man, confesse I must  
 'Twas bitter; and it griev'd me in a thrust  
 That most ingratefull word *Bloxford* to heare  
 From him whose breath yet stunke of *Oxford* Beare;  
 But let it passe, for I have now pass'd through  
 Their halberds, (and worse weapons) their teeth too,

And of a worthy officer was invited  
 To dine ; who all their rudenesse hath requited,  
 Where we had mirth and meate, and a large boord  
 Furnisht with all the kitchin could affoord,  
 But to conclude, to wipe off from before ye  
 All this which is no better then a story;  
 Had this affront beene done me by command  
 Of noble *Fenton*, had their captives hand  
 Directed them to this, I should beleieve  
 I had no cause to jest, but much to grieve ;  
 Or had discerning *Pembroke* seen this done  
 And thought it well bestowed, I would have run  
 Where no good man had dwelt, no leard should flie,  
 Where no disease would keepe me company,  
 Where it should be preferment to endure  
 To teach a Schoole or else to serve a cure.

But as it stands, the persons and the cause  
 Considered well, my manners and their Lawes,  
 'Tis no affliction to me, for even thus  
 Saint *Pau* hath fought with beasts at *Ephesus*,  
 And I at *Windsor*; let this comfort then  
 Rest with all able and deserving men ;  
 He that will please the guard and not provoke  
 Court wits, must sell his learning, buy a cloake ;  
 For at all feasts, and masques the doome hath been,  
 A man thrust forth, and a gay cloake let in.

---

*To the Duke of Buckingham.*

I've read of Islands floating and remov'd  
 In *Ovids* time, but never saw it prov'd,

Till now ; that fable by the Prince and you,  
 (By your transporting England) is made true.  
 We are not where we were, the dog-Star reignes  
 No cooler in our climate, then in *Spaines*;  
 The selfesame breath, same age, same heate, same burning  
 Is here, and there, 'twill be till your returning;  
 Come ere the Cards be altered, else perhaps  
 Your stay may make an error in our mappes,  
 Lest England will be found when you shall passe,  
 A thousand times more Southward then it was;  
 O that you were (my Lord) O that you were  
 Now in Black-Friers, or had a disguis'd eare,  
 Or you were Smith againe two houres to be  
 In *Pauls* next Sunday, at full Sea at three;  
 There you should heare the Legends of each day,  
 The perills of your Inne, and of your way  
 Your enterprizes, accidents untill  
 You should arrive at Court and reach Madrill.  
 There should you heare how the States grandees flout you,  
 With their twice diligence about you,  
 How one environ'd Prince walkes with a guard,  
 Of *Spanish* spies, and his owne servants barr'd;  
 How not a Chaplaine of his owne may stay  
 When he would heare a Sermon preacht, or pray.  
 You would be hungry having din'd to heare  
 The price of victuall, and the scarcity there,  
 As if the Prince had ventured there his life  
 To make a famine, nor to serch a wife.  
 Your Egges (which must be addle too) are deare  
 As English Capons, Capons as sheepe here;  
 No grasse for horse or cattle, for they say  
 It is not cut and made, grasse there growes hay,

The

Then 'tis so seerhing hot, they sweare  
 You never heard of raw Oyster there;  
 Your cold meate comes in reeking, there your wine  
 Is all burnt Sacke, the fire was in the vine;  
 Item the Pullers are distinguisht there  
 Into foure quarters, as we branch the yeare,  
 And are a weeke a wasting; Munday noone  
 A wing, at supper something with a spoone;  
 Tuesday a leg, and so forth, Sunday more,  
 The Liver and the gizzards betwixt soure;  
 As for the mutton, in the best house holder,  
 'Tis felony to cheapen a whole shoulder:  
 Lord how our stomacks come to us againe,  
 When we conceive what snatching is in *Spaine*!  
 I whilst I write and doe your newes repeate,  
 Am forc't to call for breakefast in and eate;  
 And doe you wonder at this dearth the while  
 The flood that makes it runs ith' middle Ile,  
 Poets of *Pauls*, these of Duke *Humphreys* messie,  
 That feed on naught but graves and empernesse.  
 But hearke you noble Sir, in one crosse weeke,  
 My Lord hath lost 4000. l. at Gleeke,  
 And shih they doe allow you little meate,  
 They are content your losses should be great;  
 False on my Deānery, falsen then your fare is  
 Or then the difference with the *Grand d'Oliveries*,  
 Which was reported strongly for one tide,  
 But after six houres flowing eb'd and dy'd.  
 If God would not this great designe should be,  
 Perfect and round without some knavery,  
 Nor that our Prince should end this enterprize,  
 But for so many tales, so many lies.

If for a good intent the heavens may please,  
 Mens tongues should become rougher then the seas,  
 And that th' expence of paper should be such,  
 First written, then translated out of Dutch,  
 Currants, diaries, packets, newes, more newes  
 Which innocent whitenesse constantly abuse  
 If first the Belgick pismire must be seene,  
 Before the Spanish Lady be our Queene,  
 With that successe and such an end at last,  
 All's welcome, pleasant, gratefull that is past,  
 And such an end I pray that you may see  
 A type of that which mother *Zebedee*  
 Wisht for her Sonnes in heaven, the Prince and you  
 At either hand of *James*, you need not sue,  
 Him on the right, you on the left, the King  
 Safe in the middle st. you both in inviting,  
 Then shall I tell my Lord his words and band  
 Are forfeit till I kisse the Prince his hand,  
 Then shall I tell the Duke our royall friend,  
 How all your other honours, this hath earn'd,  
 This you have wrought for, this you hammerd out,  
 Like a strong Smith, good workman, and a stourey,  
 In this I have a part, in this I see  
 Some new addition smiling upon me;  
 Whoin an humble manner crave my share  
 In all your greatnesse whatso'ere they are.

R. Corbet.

*Upon the death of the Lady Haddington dying of  
the Small Pox.*

DEARE losse! to tell the world I griev'd were true,  
 But that were to bewaile my selfe, nor you.

That

That were to cry out helpe for my affaires,  
 For which nor publike thoughts nor private cares;  
 For when thy fate I publish among men  
 I should have power to write with the States pen.  
 I should by naming thee force publique teares,  
 And bid their eyes pay rancome for their eares.  
 First, thy whole life was a short feast of wit,  
 And death the attendant which did wait on it;  
 To both mankind doth owe devorion ample,  
 To that their first, to this their last example.  
 And though 'twere fame enough with thee, where fame  
 And vertues nothing but an ample name,  
 That thou wert highly borne, which no man doubts,  
 And so might swathe base deeds in noble clouts,  
 Yet thou thy selfe in titles didst not shroud,  
 And being noble wast not foule, nor proud;  
 And when thy fruit was ripe, when all the suite  
 Of all the longing Courtiers for thy fruit,  
 How wisely didst thou choose foure blessed eyes,  
 The Kings and thine had taught thee to be wise.  
 Did not the best of men the Virgin give  
 Into his hands by whom himselfe did live,  
 Nor did they two yeares after talke of force,  
 Or Lady-like, make suite for a divorce;  
 Who when their owne vile lust is fully spent  
 Cry out my Lord, my Lord is impotent;  
 Nor hast thou in his Nuptiall armes injoyd  
 Barren embraces, but sweet girl and boyd;  
 Twice pretty ones, twice worthy, were their youth  
 Mightest thou but bring them up that broughtst them forth  
 She would have taught them by a thousand straines  
 Her blood runs in their manners, not their veines,

That glory is a lie, state a grave sport,  
And country sicknesse above breath at Court,  
Oh what a want of her losse gallants have,  
Since she hath changd her window for a grave;  
From whence she wont to dart her wit so fast,  
And sticke them in their Coaches as they past,  
Who now shall make well coloured vice looke pale  
And a curld meteor with her eyes exhale  
And talke him into nothing, who shall dare  
Tell barren braine they live in fertile ayre.  
Who now shall keepe old Countesses in awe,  
And by tart similies repentance draw  
From those whom Preachers had given ore: some such  
Whom Sermons could not teach her arrowes touch,  
Hereafter fooles shall prosper with applause,  
And wise men smile, and no man aske the cause,  
He of fourscore, three night-caps, and two haïres,  
Shall marry her of twenty and get heires,  
Which shall be thought his owne, and none shall say,  
But 'tis a wondrous blessing, and he may.  
Nor which is more then pittie, many a knight  
Who can doe more then quarrell, lesse then fight;  
Shall choose his weapons, ground, draw seconds thither,  
Put up his sword, and not be laught at neither;  
O thou deformed unwoman-like disgrace,  
Thou plowst up flesh and blood, and there sowst peace,  
And leaves such print on beauty if thou come,  
As clouted shooes doe on a floore of loome,  
Thou that of faces hony combes dost make,  
And of two breasts two collenders; forsake  
Thy deadly trade, thou art now rich, give ore,  
On

Or if thou needst wilt magnifie thy power,  
 Goe where thou art invoked every houre;  
 Amongst the gamesters where they call thee thick  
 At the last maine, of the last pockie nick,  
 Get thee a lodging where thy clients dice,  
 There thou shalt practise on more then one vice;  
 There's wherewithall to entertain the pox,  
 Ther'es more then reason cousening for the Box,  
 Thou who hast such superfluous store of gaine,  
 Why stickst thou on whose ruine is thy shame?  
 O thou hast murdered where thou shouldst have kist,  
 And where thy shaft was needfull there thou mist;  
 Thou shouldst have chosen out some homely face,  
 Where thy ill favoured kindnesse might adde grace,  
 That men might say, How beauteous once was she,  
 Or what a peece ere she was seald by thee!  
 Thou shouldst have wrought upon some Ladies mou'd  
 That nere did love her Lord, nor never could,  
 Untill she were deform'd, this crueltie  
 Were then within the rule of charitie;  
 But upon one whose beaurie was above  
 All sort of beaurie, whose love was more then love,  
 On her to fix thy ugly counterseit,  
 Was to erect a pyramis of Jeat,  
 And put out fire to dig a ruse from hell,  
 And place it where a blessed soule should dwell;  
 A soule which in the body would not stay,  
 When 'twas no more a body nor good clay,  
 But a high ulcer; O thou heavenly race,  
 Thou soule which thun' at th' infection of thy case,  
 Thy house, thy prison; Soule, spotlesse, faire  
 Rest where no health, no cold nor compounds are;

Rest in that Country, and enjoy that ease  
Which thy fraile flesh divides and thy dis ease.

R. Corbet.

*A proper new Ballad, intituled The Fairies farewell,  
or God a mercy Will, to be sung or whistled, to  
the tune of the Meadow Brow by the learned,  
by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune.*

**F**arewell rewards and Fairies  
Good housewives now may say,  
For now fowle sluts in Dairies  
Do fare as well as they ;  
And though they sweepe their hearths no lesse  
Then maides were wont to doe,  
Yet who of late for cleanness,  
Findes Six pence in her shooe ?

**L**ament, lament old Abbies  
The Fairies lost command,  
They did but change Priests babies,  
But some have chang'd your land.  
And all your children stolne from thence  
Are now growne paritane,  
Who live as changelings ever since  
For love of your demaines.

**A**t morning and at evening both,  
You merry were and glad ;

So little care of sleepe and sloath,  
 These pretty Ladies had,  
 When *Tom* came home from labour,  
 Or *Cisse* to milking Rose ;  
 Then merrily went their Tabor  
 And nimble went their Toes.

Witnesse those rings and roundelayes  
 Of theits which yet remaine,  
 Were footed in Queene *Maries* dayes  
 On many a grassy plaine.  
 But since of late *Elizabeth*  
 And later *James* came in,  
 They never daunc'd on any heath  
 As when the time had beene.

By which we note the Fairies  
 Were of the old profession,  
 Their Songs were *Ave Marias*,  
 Their daunces were procession;  
 But now alas they all are dead  
 Or gone beyond the Seas,  
 Or further from Religion fled  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure,  
 And who so kept not secretly  
 Their mirth was punish't sure.  
 It was a just and Christian deed  
 To pinch such black and blew;

O how the Common-wealth doth need  
Such Iustices as you!

Now they have left our Quarters,  
A Register they have,  
Who can preserve their Charters ;  
A Man both wise and grave.  
A hundred of their merry pranks  
By one that I could name ,  
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks  
To *William* for the same.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordshire*,  
Give laud and praises due ;  
Who every meale can mend your cheere,  
With Tales both old and true.  
To *William* all give audience,  
And pray you for his Noddle ;  
For all the Fairies evidence ,  
Were lost if it were addle.

*To the Ghost of Rob. Wisdome.*

THou once a Body, now but ayre,  
Arch-botcher of a Psalme or Prayer ;  
From *Carfaux* come :

And patch us up a zealous Lay,  
With an old *Ever* and for aye,  
Or all and some.

E

Or

Or such a Spirit lend me ,  
 As may a Hymn down send me ,  
 To purge my brain.

So Robert look behinde thee,  
 Lest Turk or Pope doe finde thee ;  
 And goe to bed again.

---

*An Epitaph on Tho. Jonce.*

**H**ere for the nonce  
 Came Thomas Jonce,  
 In St. Jiles Church to lye.

None *Welsh* before,  
 None *Welshman* more,  
 Till *Shon Clerk* dye.

He tole the Bell,  
 He ring his Knell ;  
 He dyed well,  
 He's saved from Hell :  
 And so farewell

Tom Jonce.

✱ *On the Earl of Dorsets Death.*

**L**et no prophane ignoble foot tread here,  
 This hallowed piece of Earth, *Dorset* lyes there:  
 A small poor Relique of a Noble spirit,  
 Free as the Aire, and ample as his Merit:  
 A soul refin'd, no proud-forgetting Lord,  
 But mindfull of mean names, and of his word:  
 Who lov'd men for his Honour, not his ends,  
 And had the noblest way of getting friends  
 By loving first, and yet who knew the Court,  
 But understood it better by report  
 Then practise: He nothing took from thence  
 But the Kings favour for his recompence.  
 Who for Religion, or his Countreys good,  
 Neither his Honour valued, nor his blood.  
 Rich in the worlds opinion, and mens praise,  
 And full in all we could desire, but dayes.  
 He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear  
 To vent a sigh for him, or shed a teare,  
 May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,  
 And want a Mourner at his Funerall.

*R. Corbet.*

---

*On Henry Bolings.*

If gentlenesse could tame the Fates, or wit  
 Deliver man, *Bolings* had not dyed yet:  
 But one which over us in judgement sits,  
 Both say our sins are stronger then our wits.

*R. Corbet.*

*The Authors Answer.*

**S**O to dead *Hector* boyes may doe disgrace,  
 That durst not look upon his living face.  
 So worst of men behinde their betters back  
 May stretch mens names and credit on the rack.  
 Good friend, our generall rye to him that's gone,  
 Should love the man that yearly doth him mone:  
 The Authors zeale and place he now doth hold,  
 His love and duty makes him be thus bold  
 To offer this poor mite, his Anniverse  
 Unto his good great Masters scared Herse:  
 The which he doth with priviledge of name,  
 Whilst others 'midst their Ale in Corners blame.  
 A penny-worth in Print they never made,  
 Yet think themselves as good as *Pond or Dade*,  
 One Anniverse; when thou hast done thus twice,  
 Thy words among the best will be of *Price*.

*Dr. Price.*

---

*A Reply.*

**N**Or is it griev'd (grave Youth) the memorie  
 Of such a Story, such a Book as he,  
 That such a Copy through the world were read,  
*Henry* yet lives, though he be buried.  
 I could be wish't that every day could beare  
 Him our good witnesse that he still were here;

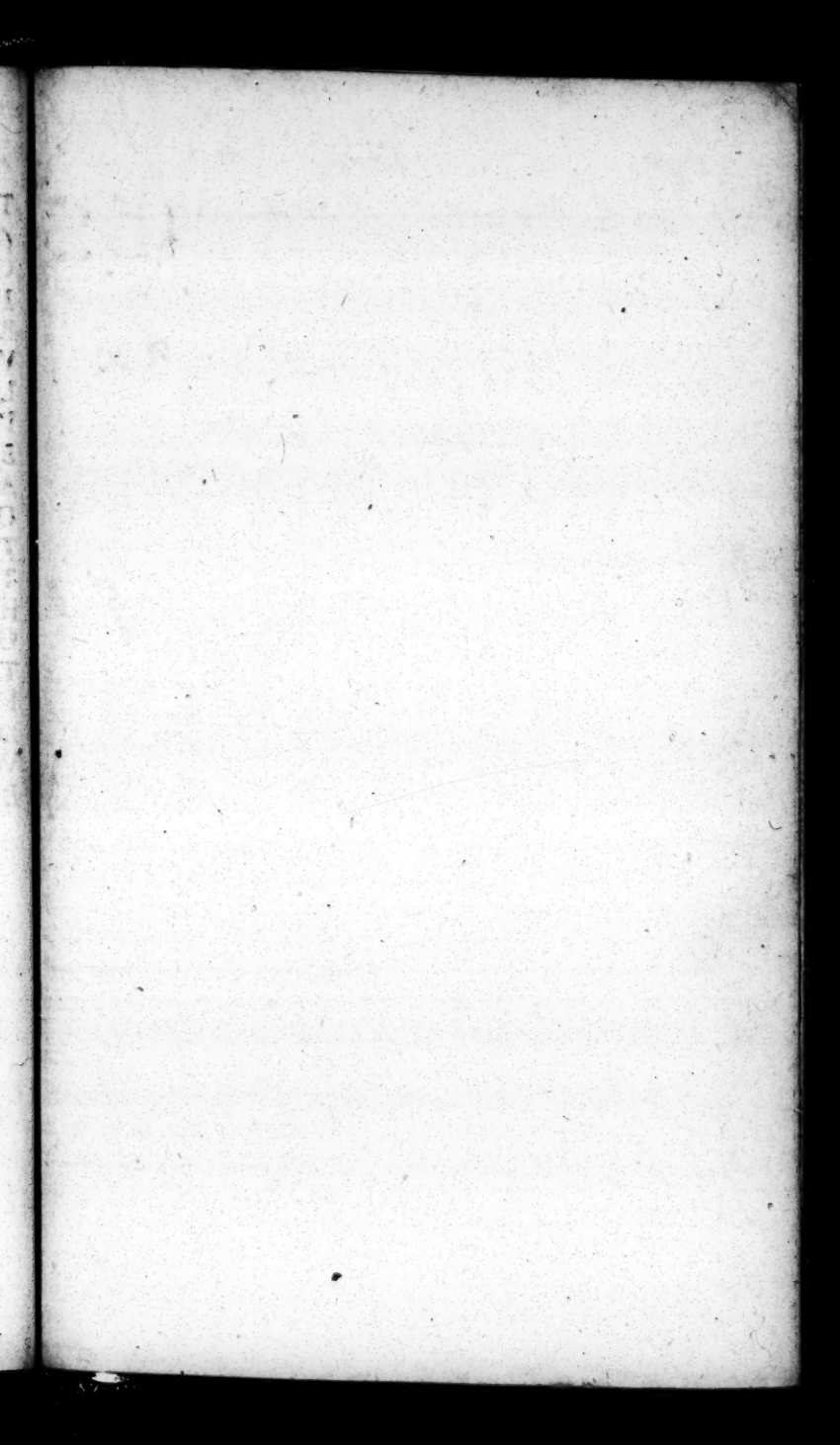
That sorrow rul'd the yeare; and by that sun  
 (Such Man) could tell you how the day had run.  
 O 'twere an honest cause for him, could say,  
 I have been busie, and wept out the day  
 Remembring him; an Epitaph would last,  
 Were such a Trophée, such a Banner plac't  
 Upon his Herse as this, Here a man lyes  
 Was slain by *Henry's* dart, not Destinies.  
 But for a Cobler to throw up his Cap,  
 And cry, The Prince, the Prince: O dire mishap!  
 Or a *Geneva*-Bridegroom after grace  
 To throw his Spouse i'th fire, or scratch her face:  
 To the tune o'th' Lamentation, and delay  
 His Friday Capon till the Sabbath-day:  
 Or an old Popish Lady half vow'd dead,  
 To fast away the day with Ginger-bread:  
 For him to write such Annalls: All these things  
 Doe open laughter, and shut up griefs springs.  
 Wherefore *Vertumnus*, if you Print the next,  
 Bring better votes, or choose a meaner Text.

R. Corbet.

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FINIS.







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A  
NEW-YEARS GIFT  
To my Lord Duke of  
BUCKINGHAM.

WHEN I can pay my Parents, or my King,  
For life, or peace, or any dearer thing :  
Then, *Dearest Lord*, expect my debt to you  
Shall be as truly paid, as it is due.  
But, as no other price, or recompence  
Serves them, but love, and my obedience :  
So nothing payes my *Lord*, but what's above  
The reach of hands, 'tis vertue, and my Love.  
For, when as goodnesse doth so over-flow,  
The conscience binds not to restore, but owe.  
Requitall were presumption ; and you may  
Call me ungratefull, while I strive to pay.  
Nor with a morall lesson do I shift,  
Like one that meant to save a better gift ;  
Like very poor, or counterfeited poor men,  
Who to preserve their *Turkie*, or their *Hen*,  
Do offer up themselves : No, I have sent  
A kinde of gift will last by being spent,  
*Thanks Sterling* : far above the *Bullion* rate  
Of Horses, Hangings, Jewells, or of Plate.

O you that know the choos'ing of that one,  
 Know a true *Diamond* from a *Bristow-stone*;  
 You know those men alwayes are not the best  
 In their intent, that loudest can protest:  
 But that a Prayer from the Convocation,  
 Is better then the Commons Protestation.  
 Trust those that at the test their lives will lay,  
 And know no Arts, but to *Deserve*, and *Pray*:  
 Whilst they that buy preferment without praying,  
 Begin with *broyles*, and finish with *betraying*.

Upon an unhandsome  
**GENTLEWOMAN,**

Who made Love unto him.

**H**AVE I renounc'd my faith, or basely sold  
 Salvation, and my loyalty for gold?  
 Have I some forreign practice undertook  
 By poyson, shot, sharp knife, or sharper book  
 To kill my King? have I betray'd the State  
 To fire and fury, or some newer Fate,  
 Which learned Muderers, those Grand Destinies,  
 The Jesuites, have nurc'd? If of all these  
 I guilty am, proceed; I am content  
 That *Mallet* take me for my punishment,  
 For never sin was of so high a rate,  
 But one nights hell with her might expiate.  
 Although the Law with *Garnet* and the rest,  
 Dealt far more mildly; hangings but a jest  
 To this immortall torture. Had she been then  
 In *Maries* torrid dayes ingendred, when

Cruel

Cruelty was witty, and Invention free  
 Did live by blood, and thrive by cruelty,  
 She would have been more horrid Engines farre  
 Then fire, or famine, racks and halters are.  
 Whether her wit, form, talk, smile, tire, I name,  
 Each is a stock of tyranny, and shame ;  
 But for her breath, Spectators come not nigh,  
 That lyes about ; God blesse the Company.  
 The man in a Bears skin baited to death,  
 Would chuse the dogs much rather then her breath ;  
 One kisse of hers, and eighteen words alone  
 Put down the *Spanish Inquisition*.

Thrice happy we (quoth I, thinking thereon)  
 That see no dayes of persecution ;  
 For were it free to kill, this grisly elfe  
 Would Martyrs make in compas of her self ;  
 And were she not prevented by our prayer,  
 By this time she corrupted had the ayre.

And am I innocent ? and is it true,  
 That thing (which Poet *Plinie* never knew,  
 Nor *Aspick*, *Nile*, nor ever *Hackluyts* eyes  
 Descri'd in all his *East*, *West-voyages* ;  
 That thing which Poets were afraid to faigne,  
 For fear her shadow should infect their braine ;  
 This Spouse of *Antichrist*, and his alone,  
 Shee's drest so like the *Whore of Babylon* ;  
 Should dote on me ? as if they did contrive  
 The Devill and she, to damn a man alive.  
 Why doth not *Welcome* rather purchase her,  
 And beare about this rare Familiar ?  
 Six Market-dayes, a wake, and a Fair too't  
 Would save his charges, and the Ale to boot.

No Tyger's like her; she feeds upon a man  
 Worfe then a Tygresse, or a Leopard can.  
 Let me go pray, and think upon some spell,  
 At once to bid the Devill and her farewell.

---

A  
 CERTAIN POEME,

*As it was presented in Latine by Divines and  
 others, before His Majesty in CAMBRIDGE,  
 by way of Enterlude, stiled, LIBER NOVUS  
 DE ADVENTU REGIS AD CAN-  
 TABRIGIAM. Faithfully done  
 into English, with some li-  
 berall additions.*

IT is not yet a fortnight, since  
 Lutetia entertain'd our Prince,  
 And vented hath a studied Toy,  
 As long as was the siege of Troy:  
 And spent her selfe for full five dayes  
 In Speeches, Exercise, and Playes.

To trim the Town great care before  
 Was tane by th' Lord Vice Chancellour,  
 Both morn and even he clean'd the way,  
 The streets he gravell'd thrice a day:

One strike of *March-dust* for to see,  
No *Proverb* would give more then hee.

Their Colledges were new bepainted,  
Their Founders eke were new besainted,  
Nothing escap'd, nor post, nor doore,  
Nor gate, nor raile, nor bawde, nor whore :  
You could not know (Oh strange mishap ! )  
Whether you saw the *Town* or *Map*.

But the pure house of *Emanuel*  
Would not be like proud *Jesabel*,  
Nor shew her self before the King  
An hypocrite, or painted thing :  
But, that the wayes might all prove fair  
Conceiv'd a tedious mile of prayer.

Vpon the look'd for seventh of *March*,  
Out went the Townsmen all in starch,  
Both Band and Beard, into the field,  
Where one a Speech could hardly wield ;  
For needs he would begin his stile,  
The King being from him halfe a mile.

They gave the King a piece of Plate,  
Which they hop'd never came too late ;  
But cry'd, oh look not in great King,  
For there is in it just nothing :  
And so preferr'd, with tune and gate,  
A Speech as empty as their Plate.

Now, as the King came neer the Towne,  
 Each one ran crying up and downe,  
 Alas poor *Oxford*, thou'rt undone,  
 For now the King's past *Trompington*,  
 And rides upon his brave gray dapple,  
 Seeing the top of *Kings-Colledge Chappell*.

Next rode his Lordship on a Nag,  
 Whose coat was blew, whose ruff was shag,  
 And then began his Reverence  
 To speak most eloquent Non-sense :  
 See how (quoth he) most mighty Prince,  
 For very joy my horse doth wince,

What cries the towne ? what wee ? (said he)  
 What cries the Vniversity ?  
 What cry the boyes ? what ev'ry thing ?  
 Behold, behold, yo'n comes the King :  
 And ev'ry period he bedecks  
 With *En & Ecce venit Rex*.

Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our dirt  
 That no silk stockings should be hurt ;  
 But, we in vaine strive to be fine,  
 Vnlesse your Graces Sun doth shine ;  
 And with the beams of your bright eye,  
 You will be pleas'd our streets to dry.

Now come wee to the wonderment  
 Of *Christendome*, and eke of *Kent*,  
 The *Trinity* ; which to surpass,  
 Doth deck her spokesman by a glass :

Who,

Who, clad in gay and filken weeds,  
Thus opes his mouth, hark how he speeds.

I wonder what your Grace doth here,  
Who have expected been twelve yeere,  
And this your Son, fair *Carolus*,  
That is so *Jacobissimus*:

Here's none, of all, your Grace refuses,  
You are most welcome to our Muses.

Although we have no bells to jangle,  
Yet can we show a faire Quadrangle,  
Which, though it ne're was grac't with King,  
Yet sure it is a goodly thing:

My warning's short, no more I'll say,  
Soon you shall see a gallant play.

But nothing was so much admir'd,  
As were their Playes so well attir'd,  
Nothing did win more praise of mine  
Then did their Actors most Divine;  
So did they drink their healths divinely,  
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their Playes had sundry grave wise factors,  
A perfect Diocess of Actors  
Upon the Stage; for I am sure that  
There was both Bishop, Pastor, Curat;  
Nor was their labour light, or small,  
The charge of some was Pastorall.

Our Playes were certainly much worse,  
For they had a brave Hobby-horse,

Which did present unto his Grace  
 A wondrous witty ambling pace :  
 But we were chiefly spoild by that  
 Which was six hours of *God knowes what*.

His Lordship then was in a rage,  
 His Lordship lay upon the stage,  
 His Lordship cry'd all would be marr'd:  
 His Lordship lov'd alife the Guard,  
 And did invite those MIGHTIE MEN,  
 To what think you ? Even to a Hen.

He knew he was to use their might  
 To help to keep the door at night,  
 And well bestow'd he thought his hen,  
 That they might Tolebooth *Oxford* men :  
 He thought it did become a Lord  
 To threaten with that Bug-bear word.

Now passe we to the Civill Law,  
 And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,  
 Who all perform'd their parts so well,  
 Sir *Edward Ratcliff* bore the bell,  
 Who was, by the Kings own appointment,  
 To speak of Spells, and Magick Oyntment.

The Doctors of the Civill Law  
 Urg'd ne're a reason worth a straw,  
 And though they went in Silk and Satten,  
 They *Thomson*-like clip'd the Kings Latine ;  
 But yet his Grace did pardon then  
 All Treasons against *Priscian*.

Here

Here no man spake ought to the point,  
 But all they said was out of joynt;  
 Just like the Chappell ominous  
 In th' Colledge called *God with us*:  
 Which truly doth stand much awry,  
 Just North and South, *yes verily*.

Philosophers did well their parts,  
 Which prov'd them Masters of their Arts;  
 Their Moderator was no fool,  
 He far from *Cambridge* kept a School:  
 The Countrey did such store afford,  
 The Proctors might not speak a word.

But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,  
 And of the Court the Town was eas'd:  
 Yet *Oxford* though (dear Sister) hark yet,  
 The King is gone but to *New-market*,  
 And comes againe e're it be long,  
 Then you may make another song.

The King being gone from *Trinity*,  
 They make a scramble for degree;  
 Masters of all sorts, and all Ages,  
 Keepers, Subcizers, Lackeyes, Pages,  
 Who all did throng to come aboard,  
 With *Pray make me now, Good my Lord*.

They wrest his Lordship wondrous hard,  
 His Lordship then did want the Guard,  
 So did they throng him for the nonce,  
 Untill he blest them all at once,

And

And cry'd, *Hodiissimè* :  
*Omnes Magistri estote.*

Nor is this all which we do sing,  
 For of your praise the world must ring :  
 Reader, unto your tackling look,  
 For there is coming forth a book  
 Will spoile *Joseph Barnesius*  
 The sale of *Rex Platonius*.

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TO THE  
 NEW-BORN PRINCE,  
 Upon the Apparition of a Star, and  
 the following Eclipse.

WAs heav'n afraid to be out-done on earth (forth  
 VWhen thou wert born, great Prince, that it brought  
 Another light to help the aged Sun,  
 Lest by thy lustre he might be out-shone ?  
 Or were th' obsequious Stars so joy'd to view  
 Thee, that they thought their Countless eyes too few  
 For such an object ; and would needs create  
 A better influence to attend thy State ?  
 Or would the Fates thereby shew to the Earth  
 A *Casars* birth, as once a *Casars* death ?  
 And was't that newes that made pale *Cynthia* run  
 In so great hast to intercept the Sun ;

VVould

And enviously, so she might gain thy light,  
 VVould darken him from whom she had her light?  
 Myſterious prodigies, yet ſure they be  
 Prognosticks of a rare proſperity:  
 For can thy life promiſe leſſe good to men,  
 Whoſe birth was th' Envy, and the Care of Heaven.

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ON THE  
 B I R T H  
 OF THE YOUNG  
 PRINCE CHARLES.

WHen private men get ſons, they get a ſpoon  
 VVithout Eclipse, or any Star at noon:  
 VVhen Kings get ſons, they get withall ſupplies  
 And ſuccours, far beyond all Subſedies.  
 VVelcome Gods Loane, thou Tribute to the State,  
 Thou Money newly coyn'd, thou Fleet of Plate;  
 Thrice happy Child, whom God thy Father ſent,  
 To make him rich without a Parliament.

THE

THE  
DISTRACED  
PURITANE.

AM I mad, O noble *Festus*,  
When zeal and godly knowledge  
Have put me in hope  
To deal with the Pope,  
As well as the best in the Colledge?  
Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,  
Miters, Copes, and Rottchers:  
Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with Crotchets,

In the house of pure *Emanuel*  
I had my Education,  
Where my friends surmise  
I dazeld mine eyes  
With the light of Revelation.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a Bedlam,  
They lash't my four poor quarters;  
Whilst this I endure,  
Faith makes me sure  
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

These

These injuries I suffer  
Through Antichrists perswasions;  
Take off this Chaine,  
Neither Rome nor Spaine  
Can resist my strong invasions.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the Beasts ten horns (God blesse us)  
I have knock'd off three already:  
If they let me alone,  
I'll leave him none:  
But they say, I am too heady.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the Seven-hill'd City,  
I met the great Red Dragon,  
I kept him aloof  
VVith the armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery Sword and Target  
There fought I with this Monster:  
But the sonnes of pride  
My zeal deride,  
And all my deeds misconster.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorst the Whore of Babel  
With a Lance of Inspirations:  
I made her stinke,  
And spill her drinke

In

In the cup of Abominations.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a Vision,  
V With a flying Book between them :

I have been in dispaire

Five times a yeere,

And cur'd by reading *Greenham*.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in *Perkins* Tables

The black Lines of Damnation :

Those crooked veines

So stuck in my braines,

That I fear'd my Reprobation.

Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan

I plac'd my chiefeft pleasure,

Till I prick't my foot

With an Hebrew roor,

That I bled beyond all measure.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the Archbishop,

And all the high Commission :

I gave him no Grace,

But told him to his face

That he favour'd Superstition.

Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,

Miters, Copes, and Rotchers :

Come heare me pray nine times a day,

And fill your heads with Crotchets.

UPON  
FAIRFORD  
WINDOWS.

TEll me you Anti-Saints, why brasse  
With you is shorter-liv'd then glasse?  
And why the Saints have scap'd their falls  
Better from Windowes, than from Walls?  
Is it because the Brethrens fires  
Maintain a Glas-house at *Black-Fryers*?  
Next which the Church stands North, and South,  
And East and West the Preachers mouth,  
Or is't because such painted ware  
Resembles something that you are,  
So pyde, so seeming, so unsound  
In manners, and in doctrine found,  
That, out of Emblematick wit,  
You spare your selves in sparing it?  
If it be so, then *Fairford* boast  
Thy Church hath kept what all have lost,  
And is preserved from the bane  
Of either War or Puritane,  
Whose life is colour'd in thy paint,  
The inside Drosse, the outside Saint.

I N  
P O E T A M  
EXAUCTORATUM  
& E M E R I T U M.

**N**O is it griev'd (*grave youth*) the memorie  
 Of such a Story, such a Book as He,  
 That such a copy through the world were read,  
*HENRIE yet lives, though he be buried.*  
 It could be wish'd, that every eye might beare  
 His ear good witnesse that he still were here;  
 That sorrow rul'd the year, and by that Sun  
 Each man could tell you how the day had run:  
 O'twere an honest boast for him could say,  
 I have been busie, and wept out the day  
 Remembring him. An Epitaph would last,  
 VVere such a trophe, such a banner plac't  
 Vpon his Coarse as this; *Here a man lies*  
*Was slain by Henries dart, not destinies.*  
 VVhy this were medicinable, and would heale,  
 Though the whole languish't; half the Common-weale.  
 But for a *Cobler* to go burn his cap,  
 And cry, The Prince, the Prince, O dire mishap!  
 Or a *Geneva-bridgroom*, after grace  
 To throw his Spouse ith' fire, or scratch her face  
 To th' tune of th' lamentation, or delay  
 His *Friday Capon* till the *Sabbath-day*:

Or

Or an old *Popish* Lady half vow dead,  
 To fast away the day in Ginger-bread ;  
 For him to write such Annals ; all these things  
 Do open *laughers*, and shut up *griefs* springs.  
 Tell me, what juster, or more congruous *Peer*,  
 Then *Ale*, to judge of works begot of *Beer*.  
 Wherefore forbear, or, if thou print the next,  
 Bring *Better* notes, or take a meaner Text.

ON  
 CHRIST-CHURCH  
 PLAY  
 AT  
 WOODSTOCK.

IF we, at *Woodstock*, have not pleased those,  
 Whose clamorous Judgments lie in urging *No'es*,  
 And, for the want of *Whiffers*, have destroy'd  
 Th' applause, which we with *Vizards* had enjoy'd,  
 We are not sorry ; for such wits as these  
 Libell our *Windowes* oftner then our *Plays* ;  
 Or, if their patience be mov'd, whose lips  
 Deserve the knowledge of the Proctorships,  
 Or judge by houses, as their houses go,  
 Not caring if their cause be good or no ;  
 Nor by desert or fortune can be drawn  
 To credit us, for fear they lose their pawn ;

G

We

VVe are not greatly sorry : but if any  
 Free from the yoke of the ingaged many,  
 That dare speak truth even when their *Head stands by,*  
 Or when the *Seniors* spoon is in the *Py* ;  
 Nor to commend the worthy will forbear,  
 Though he of *Cambridge*, or of *Christ-Church* were,  
 And not of his own Colledge ; and will shame  
 To wrong the Person, for his House, or Name :  
 If any such be griev'd, then down proud spirit ;  
 If not, know, *Number* never conquer'd *Merit*.

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TO THE  
 L A D I E S  
 OF THE  
 NEW-DRESSE,

That weare their Gorgets and  
 Railes down to their waistes.

LAdies, that wear *black* Cypresse-vailes  
 Turn'd lately to *white* Linnen-rayles,  
 And to your girdle wear your bands,  
 And shew your arms in stead of hands :  
 What can you do in *Lent* to meet  
 As, fittest dresse, to wear a sheet ?  
 'Twas once a band, 'tis now a cloake,  
 An acorn one day proves an oke :

Wear but your linnen to your feet;  
 And then your *band* will prove a *sheet*.  
 By which device, and wise excessive,  
 You'l do your penance in a dresse;  
 And none shall know, by what they see,  
 Which Ladies *censur'd*, and which *free*.

## A POEME

Upon TOM CORIATT'S Cru-  
 dities; in commendation of the  
 Author and Work,

Do not wonder, *Coriatt*, that thou hast  
 Over the *Alpes*, through *France* and *Savoy* past,  
 Arch't on thy skin, and foundred in thy feet,  
 Faint, Thirsty, Lowzy, and didst live to see't.  
 Though these are *Roman-sufferings*, and do show  
 What creatures back thou hadst, could carry so.  
 All I admire is thy return, and how  
 Thy slender posterns could thee bear, when now  
 Thy observations which thy brain engendred  
 Have stuf't thy massie and voluminous head  
 With *Mountains*, *Abbies*, *Churches*, *Synagogues*,  
*reputall offalls*, and *Dutch Dialogues*:  
 A burthen far more grievous then the weight  
 Of *Wine* or *Sleep*, more vexing then the freight  
 Of fruit and oysters, which lade many a pate,  
 And send folks crying home from *Billingsgate*.

No more shall *man with mortar on his head*  
 Set forwards towards *Rome* : no, thou art bred  
 A terror to all footmen, and all Porters,  
 And all Lay-men that will turn Jews-exhorters,  
 To flie their conquered trade. Proud *England* then  
 Embrace this \* *luggage*, which the *man of men*  
 Hath landed here, and change thy *Welladay*  
 Into some home-spun welcome *Roundelay* :  
 Send of this stuffe, thy territories throughs,  
 To *Ireland, Wales*, and *Scottish Edenborough*,  
 There let this book be read and understood,  
 Where is no *Theam* nor *Winter-hall* so good.

*An Exhortation to Mr. John Hammon*  
*Minister in the Parish of Bewdly,*  
*for the battering down of the Van-*  
*ities of the Gentiles, which are*

*comprehended in a May-pole;*  
*Written by a Zealous Brother from the Black-Friars*

**T**He mighty *Zeal* which thou hast new put on,  
 Neither by *Prophet* nor by *Prophets* son  
 As yet prevented, doth transport me so  
 Beyond my selfe, that, though I neere could go  
 Far *a verse*, and all *Rhimes* have des'd  
 Since *Hopkins* and old *Thomas Sternhold* di'd,  
 (Except it were that little pains I took  
 To please good people in a *Prayer Book*  
 That I set forth, or so) yet must I raise  
 My spirit for thee, who shall in thy praise

Gird up her loyns, and furiously run  
 All kind of sect, save Satans cloven one.  
 Such is thy Zeal, so well dost thou expresse it,  
 That (were't not like a charm) I'de say, *Christ blesse it.*  
 Needs must say, 'tis a *Spiritual* thing,  
 To rail against a *Bishop*, or the *King*;  
 Nor are they mean adventures we have been in  
 About the wearing of the Churches linnen;  
 But these are private quarrels; this doth fall  
 Within the compasse of the generall.  
 Whether it be a Pole painted or wrought  
 Far otherwise, then from the wood 'twas brought,  
 Whose head the Idoll-makers hand doth crop,  
 Where a lew'd Bird trowing upon the top,  
 Lookes like the *Calf at Horeb*; at whose root  
 The unyoak'd youth doth exercise his foot;  
 Or whether it reserve his boughes, befriended  
 By neighb'ring bushes, and by them attended:  
 How canst thou chuse but seeing it, complain,  
 That *Baals* worship'd in the Groves again?  
 Tell me how curst an egging, what a sting  
 Of lust do their unwildy dances bring?  
 The simple wretches say they mean no harm:  
 They do not, surely; but their actions warm  
 Our purer bloods the more: for Satan thus  
 Tempts us the more, that are more righteous.  
 Oft hath a Brother most sincerely gon,  
 Bifled in prayer and contemplation,  
 When lighting on the place where such repair,  
 He views the Nymphes, and is quite out in's prayer.  
 Oft hath a Sister, grounded in the truth,  
 Seeing the jolly carriage of the youth,

Been temptred to the way that's broad and bad ;  
 And (wer'e't not for our private pleasures) had  
 Renounc'd her *little Ruffe*, and *goggle Eye*,  
 And quit her selfe of the *Fraternity*.  
 What is the mirth, what is the melody  
 That sets them in this *Gentiles* vanity ?  
 When in our Synagogue we rail at sin,  
 And tel men of the faults which they are in,  
 With hand and voice so following our theams,  
 That we put out the side-men from their dreams.  
 Sounds not the *Pulpit*, which we then be-labour,  
*Better* and *holier* then doth the *Tabor* ?  
 Yet, such is *unregenerate mans* folly,  
 He loves the *wicked* noise, and hates the *Holy*.  
 Routs and wild pleasures do invite temptation,  
 And this is dangerous for our damnation ;  
 We must not *move our selves*, but, if w'are mov'd,  
 Man is but man ; and therefore those that lov'd  
 Still to seem good, would evermore dispence  
 With their *own* faults, so they gave no offence.  
 If the times sweet entising, and the blood  
 That now begins to boil, have thought it good  
 To challenge Liberty and Recreation,  
 Let it be done in *holy contemplation* :  
*Brothers* and *Sisters* in the fields may walk,  
 Beginning of the *holy word* to talk,  
 Of *David* and *Uriahs* lovely wife,  
 Of *Thamar* and her lustfull *Brothers* strife.  
 Then, underneath the hedge that woos them next,  
 They may sit down, and there *Ad* out the *Text*.  
 Nor do we want, how ere we live austers,  
 In winter *Sabbath-nights* our lusty cheer ;

And

And though the *Pastors* Grace, which oft doth hold  
Half an hour long, make the provision cold,  
We can be merry ; thinking't nere the worse  
To mend the matter at the *second course*.

*Chapters* are read, and *Hymnes* are sweetly sung,  
Jointly commanded by the *nose* and *tongue* ;

Then on the word we diversly dilate,  
VVrangling indeed for heat of *zeal*, not *bate* :  
When at the length an unappealed doubt

Fiercely comes in, and then the light goes out.

Darknesse thus works our peace, and we contain  
Our fiery spirits till we see again.

Till then no voice is heard, no tongue doth go,  
Except a *tender sister sbreik*, or so.

Such should be our delights, grave and demure,  
Not so *abominable*, not so *impure*

As those thou seekest to hinder. But I fear  
*Satan* will be too strong ; his kingdom's here.

Few are the *righteous* now, nor do I know

How we shall ere this *Idol* overthrow,

Since our sincerest *Patron* is deceas'd,

The number of the *righteous* is decreas'd.

But we do hope these times will on, and breed

A *Faction* mighty for us ; for indeed,

We labour all, and every *Sister* joynes

To have *Regenerate babes* spring from our loyns :

Besides, what many carefully have done,

Getting the *unrighteous* man, a *righteous* son.

Then stoutly on, let not thy flock range lewdly,

In their old vanity, thou *Lamp of Bewdly*.

One thing, I pray thee, do not too much thirst

After *Idolatries* last fall ; but first

Follow this suit more close, let it not go  
Till it be thine as thou would'st have't : for so  
Thy Successors, upon the same entail,  
Hereafter, may take up the *Whitson-Ale*.

# AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of

• Queen A N N E.

NO ! not a quatch sad Poets ! doubt you,  
There is not grief enough without you ?  
Or that it will assuage ill news,  
To say, *She's* dead, that was your *Muse* ?  
Join not with Death to make these Times  
More grievous then most grievous Rimes.  
And if't be possible, Dear eyes  
The famous Universities,  
If both your eyes be Matches, Sleep ;  
Or, if you will be Loyall, weep ;  
Forbear the press, there's none will look  
Before the Mart for a new book.

Why should you tell the world what wits  
Grow at *New Parks*, or *Campus pits* ?  
Or what conceits Youth stumble on,  
Taking the air towards *Trumpington* ?  
Nor you grave *Tuteurs*, who do temper  
Your long and short with *Que* and *Scmper* ;  
Odo not when your own are done,  
Make for my Ladies eldest son

Verfes

Verses, which he will turne to Prose,  
 When he shall read what you compose,  
 Nor for an Epithite that failes,  
 Bite of your unpoëtick nailes.  
 Unjust ! why should you in these vaines,  
 Punish your *Fingers* for your *Brains* ?

Know henceforth, that griefs vitall part  
 Consists in Nature, not in Art :  
 And verses that are *studied*,  
 Morn for themselves, not for the dead.

Heark, the Queens Epitaph shall be,  
 No other then her Pedigree :  
 For lines in blood cut out are stronger  
 Then lines in Marble, and last longer.  
 And such a verse shall never fade,  
 That is begotten, and not made.

"Her Father, Brother, Husband, Kings ;  
 "Royall relations ! From her springs  
 "A Prince and Princeesse, and from those  
 "Fair certainties, and rich hope growes.  
 Here's Poetry shall be secure,  
 While *Britain, Denmark, Rheine* endure.  
 Enough on earth ; what purchase higher,  
 Save Heaven to perfect her desire ?  
 And as a straying star intic't,  
 And govern'd those *wise-men* to *Christ* :  
 Ev'n so a Herauld Star this year  
 Did beckon to her to appear.  
 A Star which did not to our Nation  
 Portend her death, but her Translation ;  
 For when such Harbingers are seen,  
 God crowns a *Saint*, not kills a *Queen*.

On the Lady

## ARABELLA.

How do I thank thee, Death, and blesse thy Power,  
 That I have past the Guard, and scap'd the Tower:  
 And now my pardon is my Epitaph,  
 And a small coffin my poor carcasse bath;  
 For at thy charge both soul and body were  
 Enlarg'd at last, secured from hope and fear.  
 That amongst *Saints*, this amongst *Kings* is laid,  
 And what my *Birth* did claim, my *Death* both paid.

---

Dr. Corbets

JOURNEY

INTO

FRANCE.

I went from *England* into *France*,  
 Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,  
 nor yet to ride or fence;  
 Nor did I go like one of those  
 That do returne with halfe a nose  
 they carried from hence.

But

But I to *Paris* rode along,  
 Much like *John Dory* in the song,  
 Upon a Holy ride,

I on an ambling Nag did jet,  
 I trust he is not paid for yet;  
 and spur'd him on each side.

And to *Saint Dennis* fast we came,  
 To see the sights of *Nostre Dame*,  
 the man that shews them snaffles:

Where who is apt for to beleeve,  
 May see our Ladies right-arme sleeve,  
 and eke her old pantofles;

Her brest, her milke, her very gown  
 That she did wear in *Bethlehem* town,  
 when in the Inn she lay.

Yet all the world knows that's a fable,  
 For so good clothes ne're lay in stable  
 upon a lock of hay.

No Carpenter could by his trade  
 Gain so much coyn as to have made  
 a gown of so rich stuffe.

Yet they poor fools, think for their credit,  
 They may beleeve old *Ioseph* did it,  
 cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the Crosses nailes,  
 Which who so sees his Bonnet vails,  
 and if he will, may kneel.

Some

Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so;  
Yet feeling it, thus much I know,  
That it is as true as steel.

There is a Lanthorne which the *Jews* guide me, no no  
When *Judas* led them forth, did use,  
Which it weighs my weight downright :

But to beleve it, you must think  
The *Jews* did put a candle in't,  
And then 'twas very light.

There's one Saint there hath lost his nose ;  
Another's head, but not his toes,  
His Elbow and his Thumb.

But when that we had seen the rags,  
We went to th' Inn and took our Nags,  
And so away did come.

We came to *Paris* on the green :  
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,  
'Tis *Europe's* greatest Town.

How strong it is I need not tell it,  
For all the world may eas'ly smell it,  
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,  
The Palace and great Gallery,  
The place royall doth excell ;

The New Bridge and the Statues there,  
At *Nostre Dame*, *Saint & Pater*,  
The Steeple bears the bell.

For

For learning th' Vniversitie;  
And for old clothes the Frippery;  
the house the Queen did build.

Saint Innocents, whose earth devours  
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,  
and there the King was kil'd:

The Bos-hill and Saint Dennis street,  
The Shafflenist like London Fleet,  
the Arsenall, no toy;

But if you'l see the prettiest thing,  
Go to the Court and see the King,  
O tis a hopefull boy.

Hee is of all his Dukes and Peers  
Reverenc'd for much wit at his years,  
nor must you think it much;

For he with little switch doth play,  
And makes fine dirty pies of clay.  
O never King made such.

A bird that can but kill a fly,  
Or prate, doth please his Majesty,  
tis known to every one.

The Duke of Guise gave him a Parrot,  
And he had twenty Cannons for it  
for his new Galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap  
To get the bird which in the Map  
is called the Indian Ruck.

I'de give it him, and hope to be  
As rich as *Guire* or *Livine*,  
or else I had ill luck.

Birds about his chamber stand,  
And he them feeds with his own hand,  
tis his humility.

And if they do want anything,  
They need but whistle for their King,  
and he comes presently.

But now then, for these parts he must  
Be entiled *Lewis the Just*,  
*Great Henry's Lawfull Heires*

When to his Stile, to add more words  
They'd better call him *Kings of Birds*,  
then of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,  
Taught him by nature, how to work  
in iron with much ease.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,  
There he knocks, and there he blowes,  
and makes both locks and keys :

Which puts a doubt in every one,  
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcan's* son,  
some few believe his mother.

But let them all say what they will,  
I came resolv'd, and so think still,  
as much the one as th' other.

The

The people too dislike the youth,  
Alledging reasons, for in truth,

Mothers should honour'd be :

Yet others say, he loves her rather  
As well as ere shee lov'd his father,  
and that's notoriously.

His Queen a pretty little wench,  
Was born in *Spain*, speaks little French,  
She's nere like to be mother :

For her incestuous House could not  
Have children which were not begot  
by Uncle or by Brother.

Now why should *Lewis*, being so just,  
Content himselfe to take his lust  
with his *Lucina's* mate ;

And suffer his little pretty Queen  
From all her race, that yet hath been  
so to degenerate ?

'T were charity for to be known  
To love others children as his own,  
and why ? it is no shame ;

Unlesse that he would greater be  
Then was his father *Henry*,  
who, men thought, did the same.

F I N I S.



